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APRIL 30, 1958

& BYSTANDER



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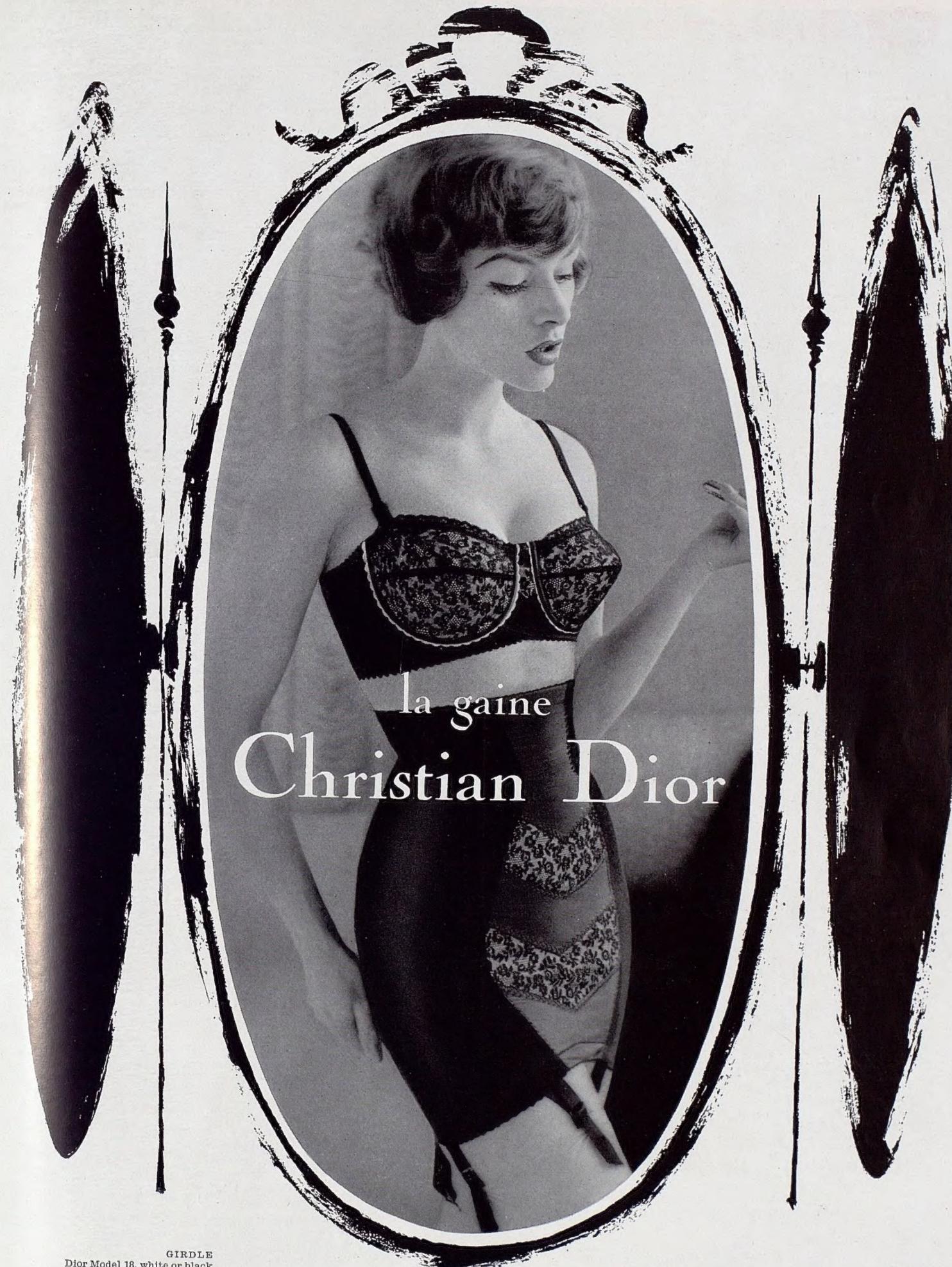
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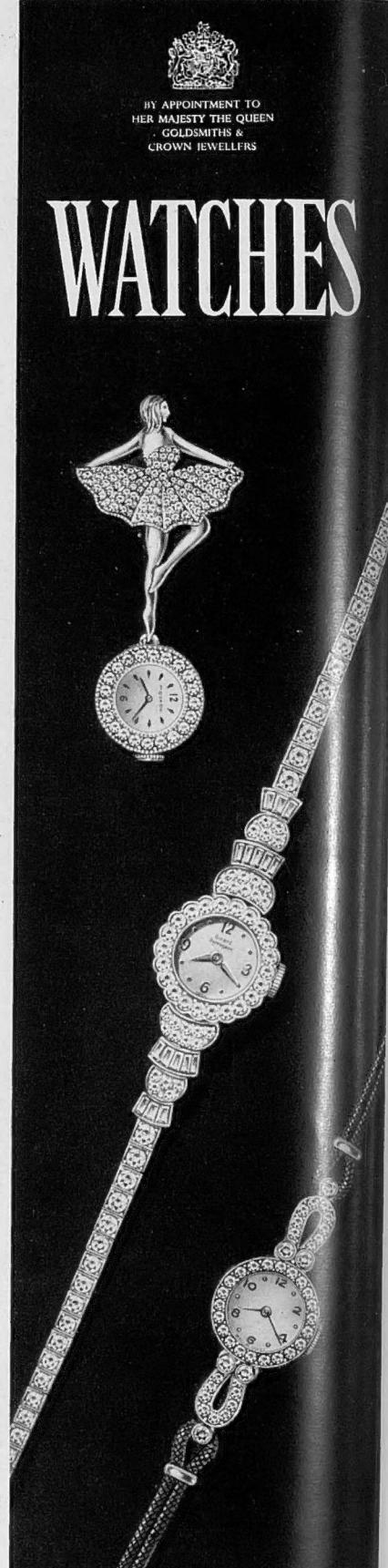
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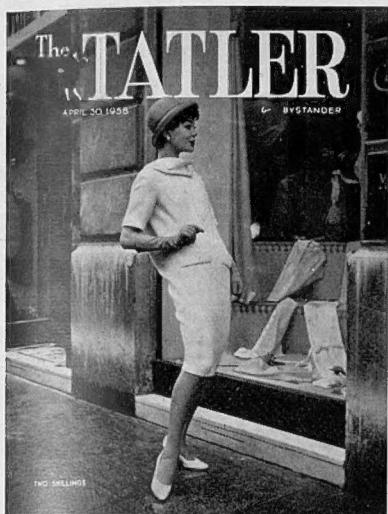
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A special number



SHE'S shopgazing in Paris, but there's nothing more fashionable in the windows than the style she is wearing herself. For this is a picture that could not have been taken in any other spring. It shows the season's striking new line in a Pierre Cardin interpretation that has been copied in all the capitals of Europe. The dress is of fine white wool, with the curving line of the back continued over the shoulders to button under the chin. This is elegance, 1958

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D I A R Y of the week

FROM 1 MAY TO 7 MAY

THURSDAY 1 MAY

Point-to-Point: Grafton (Pattishall).

Royal Inspection: The Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards, inspects K Company at Caterham.

Racing at Newmarket.

FRIDAY 2 MAY

Dress Show: Christian Dior Dress Show at Cranbury Park, Hants, for the Royal College of Nursing.

Concert: The Hallé Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Newmarket and Redcar.

SATURDAY 3 MAY

Royal Academy: The Summer Exhibition private view at Burlington House.

Motor Sport: The *Daily Express* International Trophy Meeting at Silverstone.

Point-to-Points: Army (Tweseldown), Atherstone (Clifton-upon-Dunsmore), Bicester & Warden Hill (Kimble), Devon & Somerset Staghounds (Holincote), Old Surrey & Burstow (Edenbridge).

Racing at Newmarket, Redcar and Lanark.

SUNDAY 4 MAY

Memorial Service: The Queen Mother will lay a wreath and take the salute at the memorial service of the Combined Cavalry Old Comrades, Hyde Park.

Poetry Reading: Recital by Dame Edith Sitwell of some of her own works before Apollo Society, in Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, 7.45 p.m.

MONDAY 5 MAY

Fair: The Junior Fashion Fair opens at the Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, London.

Royal Performance: The Queen & Prince Philip attend *My Fair Lady* at Drury Lane, in aid of King George's Pension Fund for Actors & Actresses.

Racing at Lanark and Nottingham.

TUESDAY 6 MAY

Concert: Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts and David Oistrakh is solo violinist with the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Chester.

WEDNESDAY 7 MAY

Cricket: Surrey v. New Zealanders at the Oval.

St. Paul's rededication: The Queen & Prince Philip lunch with the Dean and Chapter in the Chapter House, after attending the rededication service at the Cathedral.

Racing at Chester.

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Photographed by Peter Clark at the Tour d'Argent Restaurant, Paris

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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVIII. No. 2964

30 April 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Friedman-Abeles

PERSONALITY

The Fair Lady

JULIE ANDREWS is the original Fair Lady of the long-awaited musical show that opens at Drury Lane tonight. But she has a rival to contend with: Sally Ann Howes, who has taken over the role in the Broadway production—and at a higher salary. Now the question is: Which of the two will capture the role in the inevitable film?

Meanwhile the Broadway production shows no signs of ending and the London one is assured of at least a year's run—largely thanks to the magical reputation built up by Julie Andrews and Rex Harrison. They are shown above in the ballroom scene where Higgins submits his transformed Eliza Doolittle for the approval of Society.

The fair lady, now 22, had her first singing lessons in a garden bomb-shelter at her London home when she was a small child. It was wartime and her school was closed. Her stepfather, Ted Andrews, was a professional singer and her mother a pianist.

The adult quality of her voice was obvious from the start and she was only 11 when she went to Buckingham Palace to sing at a charity concert. She became a familiar performer in pantomime, radio and television, but her first big impact was made four years ago when she went to America to play in the Broadway version of another long-running musical *The Boy Friend*—still playing in London.



MR. & MRS. BRITON HORLOCK gave a dance for their débutante daughter, Miss Susan Horlock (above) at their Frinton-on-Sea house. Guests danced in a marquee and several local families gave house parties

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Mr. Peter Bruce-Dick with Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor, a débutante. Mr. Bruce-Dick, who lives at Henley, is up at Cambridge

Debutantes dance at Frinton



Miss Carol Linda Sparke-Davies, a débutante, and Mr. Robert Pattinson, who is up at Cambridge



Miss Gillian Carver and Mr. Michael Petch. Miss Carver has just returned from several months in Beirut



Miss Victoria Rodwell with Dr. Gordon Simpson. Miss Rodwell's parents gave a house party



Miss Annabella Weston, daughter of Major & Mrs. F. Weston of Grantham, and Mr. Michael Lyon, of Dedham



Mr. Garry Service, Miss Annabelle O'Neill, Miss Sally Reid and Mr. Robin Gooch. Mr. Service is the stepson of Col. R. Veileman of Tendring



Miss Janet Barrett with Mr. Christopher Peacock. He is an Army officer attached to the garrison at Colchester



Miss Diana Whitefield and Mr. David Wheeler were among the Briton Horlocks' house guests. Miss Whitefield is training to be a doctor

A. V. Swaebe

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The shadow of the Olympics

by JENNIFER

THREE Queen, who has inherited the love her father, grandfather and great-grandfather had for horses, once again stayed with the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton for the Badminton Horse Trials. She was accompanied by the Queen Mother. Prince Philip and the Princess Royal were originally to have been with them, but both were suffering from bad colds and the Duke only managed to get down for the last afternoon. Others staying in the house party at Badminton included the Duchess of Beaufort's sister Lady Helena Gibbs, the Marquess & Marchioness of Abercromby, Col. & Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, Col. & Mrs. "Mike" Ansell, Mr. David Somerset, and Mrs. Hall from Ireland. The Royal party watched the second day of the dressage and were out early on the cross-country course, taking the keenest interest and watching competitors tackling the various obstacles, the Queen often bringing her cine-camera into action.

The Three-Day Event is a great school for the Equestrian Olympics. Though the next Olympics are still two years ahead—they will take place in Rome in 1960—a lot was learnt about the potential abilities of both horses and riders at Badminton. Col. Gordon Cox Cox, the chairman and honorary director of the Badminton Trials, had planned with the help of Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley a formidable cross-country course with many new obstacles, which seemed to me much stiffer than in previous years. The event was won for the second year running by that brilliant young horsewoman Miss Sheila Willcox on her game and superbly trained High & Mighty, which she has schooled herself. Unfortunately this combination will not be able to compete in Rome as women riders are still barred from the Olympic Cross-Country Event. Miss Willcox was outstanding in the dressage and gained a tremendous lead of twenty-two points. She did a magnificent endurance and cross-country test and eventually, after the show-jumping on the final day, won the whole event with the remarkable score of 68·20, a margin of 47 points over the second, Major Derek Allhusen riding Laurien, with Miss Annelli Drummond-Hay on Mr. R. T. Whiteley's Pluto third.

Others to be placed were Cdr. John Oran on his well-known Copperplate, who was fourth, Miss Virginia Gilligan on Jungle Queen fifth, Mr. E. E. Marsh and Wild Venture sixth, and Mr. David Somerset riding Countryman seventh. It was interesting to see Major Derek Allhusen's son, Mr. Michael Allhusen, riding Dachs in the event, while Major Harry Freeman Jackson, who competed on Sonnet, had his pretty young daughter Miss Virginia Freeman Jackson riding her own grey gelding Liscarroll. When I saw her in the cross-country phase she was riding beautifully and going extremely well. Some of the other promising young riders competing were Mr. S. H. Walford, who finished eighth on Absalom (Mr. Walford is a son of that fine polo-player the late Col. "Chicken" Walford), Mr. J. J. Beale, who I believe got slightly concussed when his second horse fell in the cross-country, Capt. Norman Arthur, and Mr. G. D. B. Thatcher, who recently won the R.A. Gold Cup at Sandown.

Among other riders I noticed doing the cross-country trial were Miss Jacqueline Carlisle, Major D. P. H. Dyson who later had a heavy fall at the 15th jump, the tricky-looking "Pedestrian Crossing," Miss Diana Mason of Tramella fame, on Loyal Scout, Miss Penelope Moreton riding Lt.-Col. Joe Hume Dudgeon's Just Maggie, and the overseas riders M. Andrea Zindel from Switzerland on Choral, and M. Jehan Le Roy on Garden and M. Michel Cochenet on Violette, both from France.

The Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Queen's Horse and President of the Horse Trials, who has done so much for horses and riders in this



Macdonald—Chamberlayne

Miss Penelope Tankerville Chamberlayne, of Cranbury Park, near Winchester, daughter of the late Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne & of Mrs. Tankerville Chamberlayne, married at St. Matthew's Church, Otterbourne, Hampshire, Major Nigel Bosville Macdonald, Scots Guards, son of the late Sir Godfrey Macdonald of the Isles & the Hon. Lady Macdonald



Fraser—Drage

Miss Mary Drage of the Royal Ballet married Mr. Roderick Fraser of Southern Rhodesia, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, London. He is the third son of the late Major the Hon. Alastair Fraser & of Lady Sibyl Fraser of Moniack Castle, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire. She is the eldest daughter of Commander C. H. Drage, R.N. (retd.), & Mrs. Drage, of Sheffield Terrace, London



Dalrymple-Hay—Card

Miss Helen Sylvia Card, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Card, of Reigate, Surrey, married Sir James Brian Dalrymple-Hay, Bt., son of the late Lt.-Col. & Mrs. B. G. R. Dalrymple-Hay, at St. Mary the Virgin's Church, Buckland

Sanders—Thomas

Miss Patricia Mary Thomas, daughter of the late Mr. E. Thomas & of Mrs. Thomas, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire, married Mr. George Spence Sanders, son of Mr. & Mrs. Spence Sanders, Farnham Common, at St. Giles' Church, Stoke Poges. The bride was a secretary at Buckingham Palace





A. V. Swaebe

country always kindly lends his magnificent park and land, which makes a perfect setting for this event. Once again I was impressed by the efficiency with which the event is organized, as it is run practically entirely by voluntary helpers, and this year the number of horse-lovers present, from all over the world, made a new record. I drove round part of the cross-country course with Capt. Arthur Smith-Bingham who was in charge of the jump judges, and the other part of the course with Lt.-Col. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, a judge at one of the fences, so was able to have a good close-up of all the jumps.

Among the many sportsmen and women I saw judging and stewarding all round the long course of thirty-two obstacles were Col. Humphrey Guinness (a fine polo-player) who was at the last jump, a log fence into a lake, Col. Douglas Forster, Major Michael Watson, the Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, Mr. Charles Toller and his mother-in-law Mrs. Smith-Bingham, who were at the spruce fence with a drop, just after the famous "Quarry," Capt. & Mrs. Charles Tremayne, and Major "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby, who were at the tenth jump—pit props 3 ft. 6 in. high and 6 ft. wide—and Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart who was in charge of a slit trench with a larch rail where the Queen and the Queen Mother and the house party sat and talked to him for some time while watching the competitors jump the obstacle.

Others I saw helping were Major "Washie" Hibbert, Mrs. Pamela Carruthers who must have covered miles during the day with the judges' slips, Col. Alistair Macintyre who was in charge of the catering, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Woolridge, Major Hugh Brassey, the Hon. George Bathurst, Brig. & Mrs. Dunne, Sir Charles Cooper, and many more I have not space to mention.

Paintings from Sweden on show

To name a few of the many thousands of spectators, I saw Lady Joan Birbeck, Maj.-Gen. Errol Prior-Palmer & Lady Doreen Prior-Palmer, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh, Miss Mary Anne Berry, Mrs. Renshaw and her daughter Victoria, Mrs. "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby greeting many friends, Cdr. Kenneth Kemble, his niece Miss Valerie Nash, Mr. & Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy, over from Ireland, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Reeves, up from Sussex, Miss Valerie Irwin, who had come with a party of Pony Club members from Hertfordshire, Lady Violet Vernon and her sister Lady Rosemary Hills, and the Hon. Mrs. Duncan Campbell who had her brother Lord Barnby and the

Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet with her. A party of young enthusiasts included Mr. Charles Bishop and his half-brother Mr. John Tremayne, Miss Serena Burr, and Miss Penelope Riches who is one of the prettiest of this season's débutantes.

H.E. the Swedish Ambassador, Monsieur Gunnar Hägglöf, opened a delightful loan exhibition of paintings in gouache by Prince Eugen at the Wildenstein Galleries in New Bond Street, where they are on view until 17 May. Prince Eugen, who died in 1947, was the brother of the late King of Sweden and the first member of the Royal house to make painting his profession. After first studying in Sweden he went to Paris, and after three years returned to his own country to paint Swedish nature and landscapes, some of which we see in this exhibition. The King of Sweden and Prince Bertil have lent several pictures, but most of them are from the collection at Waldemarsudde, and they are all well worth seeing and enjoying.

This course suits the spectator

The day after the speed, endurance and cross-country phase at Badminton I went down to the Chiddingfold & Leconfield Hunt point-to-point in Sussex. Here, as at Badminton, the going was good with the result that there were a fair number of runners in every race. This is a nice galloping course, also an excellent one from a spectator's point of view. The open race which had ten starters was won by Deal Park, well ridden by Mr.

J. S. Ellens. Deal Park is owned by Mr. John Rogerson who lives nearby at Billingshurst and was on the committee and was also one of the stewards. In the next race Mr. Ellens riding Mr. J. F. E. Smith's David Copperfield finished second to Mr. Christopher Haworth-Booth riding his father's useful mare Genista. There were eleven starters for the Ladies' Race which was won by Col. C. R. Spencer's Airgun ridden by Miss E. Spencer, with Mr. E. H. Covell's Lobau Lad (a veteran over this course) beautifully ridden by Miss Tessa Covell second. It should also prove, financially, a successful afternoon for the hunt, as there was such a tremendous number of spectators present, most of whom had come in cars.

The two patrons of the meeting, the veteran Earl Winterton who lives at Shillinglee Park, Chiddingfold, and still hunts regularly with these hounds, and Mr. John Wyndham, who lives at nearby Petworth, were both present. I noticed the former talking in the paddock to film actress Diana Dors who has recently gone to live in the neighbourhood. Mr. Richard Barlow, who is joint-



Mrs. Pat Roger, of Huntly, won the Open Event at the Hunter Trials of the Perthshire Drag Hunt



A COUNTRY WEDDING FOR A PEER'S DAUGHTER

All Saints' Church at Odell, Bedfordshire, was the setting for the wedding of the Hon. Caroline Jean Lawson-Johnston, daughter of Lord & Lady Luke, of Odell Manor, and Mr. James Bristow, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Bristow, of Glebe House, Biddenham. The bride

had two pages, two child bridesmaids and eight older bridesmaids (facing page). The best man was Mr. Robin Norriss (second row, left). The reception was held at Odell Manor where the Hon. Hugh Lawson-Johnston (second row, right), brother of Lord Luke, proposed the

toast to the bride and groom. Among the guests were Capt. & Mrs. Alan Henderson (top, left). Mrs. Henderson was at school with the bride. Others were Mr. John Holman (centre), who farms in Sussex, with his wife, a daughter of Viscount Stonehaven. Right: the couple's parents, Lord Luke, Mrs. J. P. Bristow, Lady Luke, and Mr. J. P. Bristow, head of a brick firm

Major, with his wife, was riding about on a nice grey and others helping to run this successful point-to-point were Major E. Mann, who gave a good running commentary, Mr. D. C. Dutton-Forshaw, M.F.H., Lt.-Col. D. Price, Mr. Peter Musgrave the honorary secretary, Capt. J. D. Major E. A. Calvert and Mr. H. K. Goschan, M.F.H., who with F. Stovold, M.F.H., were the two judges. Among spectators I met the Earl of Cottenham and his son and heir Viscount Crowhurst, and his pretty young daughter Lady Gillian Pepys, Mrs. John Rogerson dispensing hospitality at their car, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Milligan, and her daughter Jennifer, Major & Mrs. Roger Hall and their young family of four, the Marquess of Linlithgow and Mr. & Mrs. Derek Mullens watching the racing from a wagon with Major & Mrs. Peter Loyd. Also Sir George & Lady Napier, Mrs. Martin Soames, Mr. & Mrs. Francis Whigham & Mrs. I. D. Greenwell, the Mayor of Marylebone and Mrs. John Guise, who brought their son Ashley, Mr. & Mrs. Tony Tate and their family, Mr. & Mrs. Barclay who brought a large party of young people, the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Mr. John Baillie, Mr. & Mrs. Denis Russell, Miss Diana Cooke and Mrs. Sparke Davies, whose young daughter Carolinda was also there.

Other young people enjoying the racing were Mr. Ben Keown and his sister Belinda, Mr. Peter Robertson escorting Miss Sheena Smellie, Lady Mary Stopford, Miss Ann Glover, a young dinghy-sailing enthusiast, and Mr. John Richards, a former captain of rugger at Harrow.

Thousands for a good cause

I went to the last committee meeting which Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, chairman of the committee organizing a gala performance of *My Fair Lady* at Drury Lane on 14 May, held at the Dorchester. She is always one of the most successful and hardworking chairmen for a charitable event and has helped to raise many thousands of pounds for good causes. This performance is in aid of the Royal Alexandra & Albert School. At the meeting Mr. Claud Leigh, the hon. treasurer, was able to announce that by the sale of tickets, by advertisements in the programmes (Mr. Edwin McAlpine was a prominent helper in raising over £6,000 by this means), by donations and by covenants, they had already raised the magnificent sum of

£23,000 and still had about 200 seats for sale in this big theatre. Their target figure is £20,000, which they hope to be able to hand over to the School after paying all expenses.

Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, who is deputy chairman, was at the meeting, also Lady Bruce-Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, Sir Frederick Minter, who also takes a keen interest in the executive side of the School, and his wife, Mr. Kenneth Adam the vice-chairman, who made a brief speech about the School where 400 children are cared for, and Lady Smyth, whose husband Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C., is comptroller of the School. The remaining tickets for this performance, at which Lady Patricia Ramsey will be present, can be obtained from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

Speeches by the lawyers (out of court)

The library of the Inner Temple suffered such serious damage, first from bombs and later from fire (caused by incendiary bombs) during the war, that the whole place had to be rebuilt. This has just been completed

and is a magnificent piece of work: a dignified building with numerous reading and research rooms all beautifully panelled in oak with bookshelves of the same wood lining the walls of all the rooms and of the gallery, with the thousands of lawbooks going back over hundreds of years. There are plenty of well-lit tables for research work and comfortable light-blue leather-covered chairs. The library was officially opened by the Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Sir Patrick Spens, Q.C., who made a long speech about the library, the books it had lost owing to war damage, and the good fortune they had known in saving many others, including valuable early manuscripts. This, he said, was largely due to the vigilance and care of their beloved librarian Mr. Hart, who on his own initiative moved some of the most valuable to safe keeping in the country early in the war. Mr. Justice Laski followed Sir Patrick with a brilliant brief speech, and finally the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, spoke eloquently to an audience which included several judges and many famous legal personalities: also Mr. Guy Lawrence, whose contracting firm,



J. Neslio
The Duchess of Norfolk with her favourite horse, Penny Royal. Next week Jennifer will describe the Ascot Jumping Show organized by the Duchess

JENNIFER *continued*

Walter Lawrence, built the new library.

From the quiet and serious precincts of the Temple I went to Onslow Square. Here Viscountess Devonport, Mrs. Henry Ballantyne and Mrs. Roger Wethered were joint hostesses in the latter's beautifully decorated and spacious flat for their three pretty débutante daughters, the Hon. Marlyn Kearly, Miss Julia Stratford and Miss Penelope Ballantyne. The last two are sharing their coming-out dance in London, and the Hon. Marlyn Kearly is having hers in Sussex, both in July.

Among the débutantes I met enjoying this party were Miss Annette Prevost, who is having her coming-out dance in October, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Georgina Turner, Miss Penelope Riches, attractive Miss Carolyn Neilson, whose half-sister Lady Brooke is helping to entertain for her this summer, Miss Maxine Hodson, Miss Yvette Andrews, Julia's married sister Mrs. Colin Fyfe-Jameson, who looked as youthful as any débutante, and Miss Penelope Bradford and her brother Jeremy.

Among the big number of young men were Mr. Euan Johnston, Mr. Robert and Mr. Tim Mayhew, Lord Bingham, the Hon. Nicholas Gage, who brought the Queen's new assistant Press Secretary, Mr. Esmond Butler. A Canadian, he was most amused at an English débutante party. Also Mr. John Christie, who lives at lovely Glyndebourne, and Mr. Tim & Mr. Rupert Maskell, whose home is in South Africa.

A wedding without speeches

Pyramids of white lilies decorated St. James's Church, Piccadilly, for the marriage of Mr. Thomas Luckock, Welsh Guards, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Luckock, to Miss Tessa Forster, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Douglas

Forster. The bride, very pretty in a dress of white faille with her tulle veil held in place by a band of gardenias, had a retinue of four small children, the Hon. Harry Fane and Richard Marsh, who were pages wearing replicas of the Welsh Guards full-dress uniforms, and the Hon. Aileen Fitzherbert and Marian Laurie in long white organdie dresses with yellow headdresses. Yellow and white flowers decorated the reception rooms at Claridge's, where the bride's parents received the guests with the bridegroom's parents after the ceremony. There were no speeches, but after the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding-cake the best man, Captain Beville Stanier, asked guests to join in drink-

Miss Julia Stratford, 17-year-old ^{Yevonde} daughter of Mrs. Roger Wethered, was one of the three débutantes for whom a party was held at Onslow Square

ing the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Among friends who came to wish the young couple happiness before they left for their honeymoon in Italy were the Earl & Countess of Westmorland, whose son Harry was a page, Lady Stafford, whose eldest daughter Aileen was a bridesmaid, her mother Mrs. Alistair Campbell, Mrs. Walter Pepys and her daughter Mrs. Gosling, Mrs. Jack Thursby, her sister Mrs. Jean Garland and the latter's pretty daughter Mrs. Larch Loyd—a bride herself last winter, like Mrs. Christopher Philipson, formerly Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, whom I also saw at the wedding with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jessel.

Countess St. Aldwyn I met talking to Major Reggie Freeman-Thomas; also Capt. & Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Breitmeyer, Mrs. "Swanee" Rosselli, Major & Mrs. Jack Hirsch, Mrs. Gerald Walker, and Major Rhidian Llewellyn. Among the many young friends present were the bride's brother, Mr. Timothy Forster, Miss Sonia Pilkington and Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, both looking attractive in large hats which, their friends joked, were anti-social! Others were Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Mr. Summers, Mr. Obbie Waller and Miss Ginnie Dennistoun, the gay and attractive débutante daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Dennistoun who is having her coming-out cocktail party in June.



NEWS PORTRAITS



KING'S GRANDSON Prince Carl Gustaf, Crown Prince of Sweden, is 12 today. He is King Gustaf's grandson. He spent his last holiday skiing with his sisters at the Royal Lodge, at Storlien, in the Swedish Alps



EARL'S SON The Hon. Richard Wood, second surviving son of the Earl of Halifax, one-time Foreign Secretary, has a new political post. He becomes Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour & National Service



B: AUTY This is the much-discussed portrait (above) of the Countess of Dalkeith by John Ralph Merton, the first for many years to receive an "A" award from the Royal Academy. Lady Dalkeith is shown against a Scottish background with miniatures of herself in other moods. It took

Mr. Merton 1,500 hours to paint

B: E A S T This wild goat, being fed by Lady Bagot, is one of the few to survive the winter at Blithfield Hall, near Rugeley. Because a legend says the Bagot family will die out when there are no longer wild goats roaming the woods there, Lady Bagot has had 12 of the goats captured and penned. She hopes they will multiply





Choose your weapon . . .

Duelling, outlawed in most European countries, still comes back into the news—as in the clash between two ballet personalities

THE *affaire Cuevas* in Paris, a dispute decided "in secret" before fifty reporters and photographers, indicates that as a means of settling a dispute duelling has not yet been extinguished by advancing civilization. In the form in which it is commonly thought of—swords, and honour—it is, however, a comparatively recent custom. Preceding it was the wager by battle, the David and Goliath type of settlement.

In Europe in the tenth and twelfth centuries this became a fashionable device, a sort of cut-price war. French kings seized on it eagerly as a working method of limiting the judicial power of their vassals. Even Pope Nicholas in 858 pronounced it "a just and legitimate combat," though

by MICHAEL CRAMPTON

three years earlier the Council of Valence had condemned it.

But the rising profession of magistrates, perhaps cannily seeing that this arrangement cut out the middleman—in this case the legal profession—strode to abolish the practice. They were helped by Henry III. The last duel officially authorized in France was between François Vivonne de la Châtaignerie, Henry's favourite, and Guy de Chabot de Jarnac on July 10, 1547, in the courtyard of the Château-en-Laye. La Châtaignerie was killed, and in his grief the king swore on his sword never to permit duelling again. His decree was but the first of an endless stream.

Duelling for honour—duelling as we know it, that is to say—first arose with the growth of sensibility and romanticism. It flourished in France, particularly where a woman's honour was involved. And in those ripe and lusty days, how often it was! Lord Herbert, British ambassador to Louis XIII, remarked that "there is scarce a Frenchman worth looking on who has not killed his man in a duel." In the eight years after 1601, two thousand noble Frenchmen died in this fashion.

In Britain, where the sport did not gain popularity until a hundred years after the Continent, blood was not let to the same extent, though in George III's reign 172 duels were fought, 91 ending fatally. A reason may be that the British generally chose pistols, in those days defective at best and rarely lethal in the hands of amateurs. The sword, which Frenchmen favoured, could even in unprofessional hands be deadly.

Cardinal Richelieu, whose eldest brother had been stabbed to death, clamped down on duelling. He sought to stifle the Gallic battle-cry, heard even after a misunderstanding had been clarified: "N'importe, puisque nous sommes ici, battons-nous!" He took action when Count de Boutteville, who had already notched up twenty-one



PAS-DE-DEUX with swords for the Marquis de Cuevas (left) and Serge Lifar, the choreographer (right). The duel petered out when Lifar was scratched. They had disagreed when the marquis included a ballet by Lifar in the programme of his International Ballet company



THE PEN AND THE PISTOL. Writers have always been quick to abandon words for deeds. Alexander Pushkin (left), the Russian poet, was killed in a duel. The dramatist Sheridan (centre) fought a duel using



first pistols, later swords, and finally bare hands on the ground. John Wilkes (right), politician and pamphleteer, was an experienced dueller. He once supped with his opponent the night before the fight



affaires d'honneur, and who had no love for the Cardinal, decided out of bravado to fight on. The count killed the Marquis de Beaufort at the Place Royale. He was arrested, tried by Parlement, and executed on June 21, 1627.

It how an air of braggadocio becomes at occasion !

At the block, the priest turned to de Beaufort and said anxiously : "Oh, son, you must no longer dwell on earthly matters ! Do you still think of life?" He comforted the condemned man promptly : "I only think of my mustachoes—the fine in France."

The last clash of swords on this famous duelling-ground—later the Bois de Boulogne which preferred—rang out between the ducs de Nemours and Beaufort, each with four seconds. A miniature battle ensued. All fought, and none escaped injury. Nemours and two others died on the spot.

Of course, the down-flung white gloves or the light insolent slap on the cheek did not intimidate everyone into foolhardy mortal combat. Camille Desmoulins shrugged off a challenge contemptuously saying he would prove himself in other fields than the Bois. (Sad to relate, he died a few years later, aged 34, on the Revolution's guillotine.)

Napoleon didn't approve, either. "Bon duelliste, mauvais soldat" was his axiom. And when the King of Sweden challenged the Emperor, he replied that he would send a fencing-master as his plenipotentiary.

Writers, delighted always to forsake the pen, have battled like good 'uns. Pushkin, the greatest Russian poet, lost his life. Dumas père fought. John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, was killed defending himself in 1821 ; and Sainte Beuve duelled under an umbrella to show his sang-froid.

John Wilkes, politician and pamphleteer, had to give satisfaction to Mr. Martin for criticizing the Government in the *North*

Briton. Off they set to Hyde Park, where Wilkes, though an old hand at duelling, was grazed. Believing himself mortally wounded, he behaved with the bravery that characterized such encounters. To Martin he said : "You are a man of honour. I am killed, so make good your escape." Duelling, never forget, in spite of its frequency, was illegal. On another occasion Wilkes supped with his opponent, Lord Talbot, the night before the set-to, and downed a bottle of claret affably with him afterwards.

Such outrageous eccentricity enlivened many a British duel. The one between the dramatist Sheridan and Matthews—over sweet Miss Lindsey—started with pistols, continued with swords and, when the opponents stumbled and fell, their ardour being greater than their skill, finished tooth, nail and sword on the ground.

These spirited meetings at dawn seemed

to bring out the best in everybody. Fox, who lost to Adams, cried : "Egad, Adams, it would have been all over with me if you had not been charged with government powder." Wellington, duelling with the Earl of Winchelsea in Battersea Park, said with typical self-confidence : "Don't put him up so near the ditch or when I wing him he'll fall in."

The last authenticated duel in Britain occurred in 1843 when Col. Fawcett was shot by his brother-in-law, Lt. Monro. Monro had been reluctant to fight, but the result ruined him. Subsequently the London Association against Duelling was formed, and the sport, in Britain anyway, died the death.

In France, Germany and Italy, despite official reprisals of varying stringency, nothing quite suppresses the passion. Germany confines the fashion to the officer class, civilians rarely becoming involved, though for students the sabre cuts on the cheeks are proof of manhood. Banned by the Nazis, duelling for sport has since 1954 again been permitted. Today it is becoming widespread and popular, 425 luxurious clubs existing in universities alone.

Elsewhere, despite edicts, police vigilance and the *chansonniers*, it is as popular as a peepshow. France's Dreyfus scandal set many a sword a'clack, and since the war Poujadism has had a similarly toxic effect. In Italy, politics waxed warm enough in 1956 to find Signor Giorgio Almiranti, secretary of the Neo-Fascist party, "going to" with the Count Vanni Teodorani, husband of Mussolini's niece, in the woods near Rome.

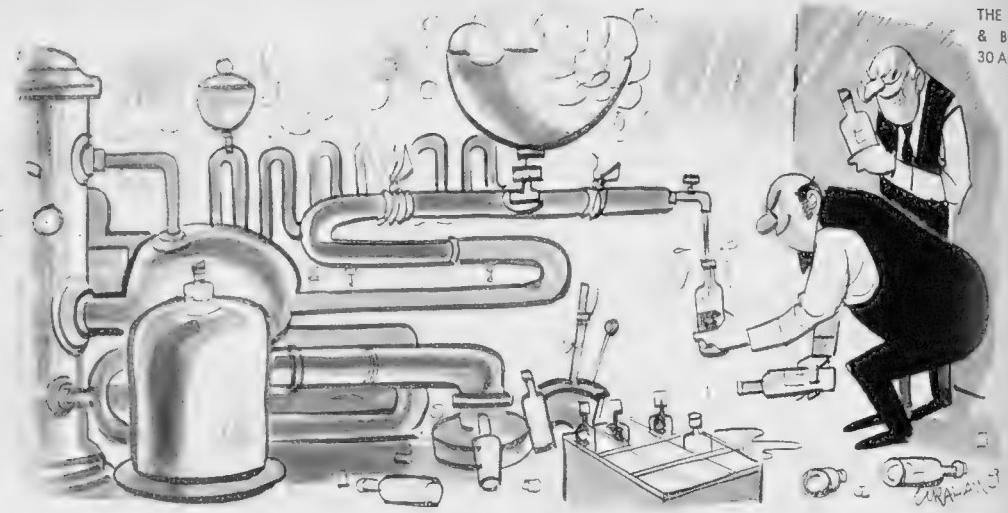
One is surprised, with all the hot temper flowing, that no duel has yet resulted from TV. Michael Foot and Sir Robert Boothby on Shepherd's Bush green at dawn under the watchful eye of the TV camera which precipitated the *affaire d'honneur* would be an outsize broadcast that all Europe would delight in.



Cardinal Richelieu, whose eldest brother was stabbed to death, tried to stamp out duelling in France



ROUNDABOUT



BRIGGS by Graham

Leave it to the expert?

by MARY MACPHERSON

DO-IT-YOURSELF may be the smart thing nowadays, but it hasn't caught on at our house. Millions of husbands spend happy hours making mosaic coffee-tables, replastering walls, and upholstering armchairs, but my husband believes that to bring a pot of paint and a paint brush into the house—unattended by a professional house-painter—is the first big step on the way to the end of civilization. He likes to get in the electrician to change a light-bulb ("Far better to leave these things to the experts, darling"), and all he knows about the inside of a car is how to open the bonnet so that somebody else can get their fingers caught in the fan belt.

His working motto is: 'IT'S CHEAPER IN THE LONG RUN TO GET THE WORK DONE PROPERLY.' *Cheaper* to have that sagging shelf fixed by a cabinet-maker whose family have been in the trade for three generations. . . . *Cheaper* to have the curtain pelmets made by a firm in Bond Street who only use Italian velvet. . . . *Cheaper* to get three estimates before deciding into whose hands should be placed the tricky job of rewiring a plug.

When we first moved into our flat my husband said: "Let's get everything done at once. We'll have all the workmen in at one fell swoop." His metaphor was uncomfortably accurate. Having a carpenter in your house at the same time as, say, a painter, and hoping they will get on amicably, is roughly equivalent to asking Ghenghis Khan down for the weekend with Attila the Hun, and praying they won't pick a fight. They will. They will fight over chisels mysteriously blunted, overturned pots of paint, dust scattered on fresh paintwork by clumsy carpenters, electric drills ruined by cowhanded painters. It is embarrassing to listen to their noisy arguments, especially when you know—as I did—that your husband used their hand-ground chisel last night to open an obstinate packing case. In fact the only thing they stand united on is that the cups of tea you make them every 15 minutes are not up to the standard they're used to.

How lucky they are, those women with husbands who can bring a fuse-box to heel with one capable glance. My first encounter with professional help was in the realms of electricity. My husband came home one day and said he had

THE ROUNDABOUT AUTHOR this week is a young writer with sharp observation and a humorous flair for expressing it



found a wonderfully cheap little firm in a back street in the City. "I told them what we wanted done," he said proudly, "and they're starting tomorrow. They'll do the work for almost nothing." When I heard that this firm was just two people with a telephone number on an exchange I'd never even heard of, I felt a small trickle of doubt. But after all, I thought, they can't do that much harm.

They didn't do that much good, either. They only stayed for two days, and got through an extraordinary amount of work. Suspicious in itself, I thought. Still, I put it down to nerves that my hair crackled when I switched on a light. Then I discovered that the only way to get any light in the dining-room was to go through a complicated process ending with two heavy stamps on the third floorboard from the left, and that there was no apparent method of turning it off again. I spoke bitterly to my husband.

This time he went to the opposite extreme, and brought in an electrical firm that arrived with a large lorry, several hundred tons of equipment, and a Foreman. He and numerous underlings wandered round the flat sneering at every piece of electricity in sight. This in itself doesn't mean much; it is Rule One in the workman's codebook that he should step back in white-faced horror when confronted by any predecessor's work. I had to admit, however, that there was reason in their sneers when I saw the mass of wires concealed under the floorboards. There were green ones, red ones, twisted and plain, all knitted into a charming Fair Isle pattern.

"What," said the Foreman contemptuously, "did they work with—a crochet hook?"

This firm was terribly expensive but also terribly efficient, and it was worth it to me to throw away all those rubber gloves I had hung conveniently near the light switches.

I have often wondered what it must be like to be able to mention casually to your husband that you want the living-room redecorated and then to find him eagerly working at it the next evening. My own experience has been to call in a stranger and pay him immense sums for slapping on acres of paint in *nearly* the right shade of lilac. "*It's a near enough match as makes no difference,*" said often enough, has a hypnotic quality, but the effects of the hypnosis fade in a strong light and you are left with the choice of being thought *outré* by your friends ("*such a clever shade of dun*") or cutting your losses and moving to an entirely new flat. Or even, in extreme cases to an entirely new husband—preferably the managing director of a paint firm.

It is, by the way, never a good thing to ask a house-painter's advice on the colour you should use for a particular room. In my experience he will invariably reply: "I'd like to see it in a nice shade of beige, myself." (If he is sophisticated and reads *House & Garden* magazine he will call it "coffee".)

As for the ability to nail two pieces of wood together without splitting them down the middle, that is one of the most worshipful husbandly skills of all. It must mean that you never have to cross swords with cabinet-makers or carpenters. Cabinet-makers are scornful of carpenters, whom they look down on because they are inclined to use nails to join things together. According to your true cabinet-maker, anything that isn't dovetailed, or held in one piece by a complicated system of trigonometry, is first cousin to an orange crate. All cabinet-makers have great-grandfathers who, if not actually called Hepplewhite or Sheraton, were anyway pretty closely related to them.

They make bookshelves which may look like ordinary bookshelves to you, but are in fact so sublime an example of the cabinet-maker's art that it would hardly be right not to charge 42 guineas for them. They use sentences that begin confidently, "Yes, I can fix you up a nice little cupboard in that recess . . ." and end even more confidently ". . . round about £180."

So even if your husband's mosaic tables are made of tiny little coloured chips half-hidden in a sea of glue, and his upholstered chairs tend to fly apart when your wealthy uncle relaxes into them, pause before you throw his tool-chest into the boiler. At least you don't have to pay him.



The Crawley & Horsham point-to-point was held at Storrington. Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, won the Ladies' Race on Shanakill II. Above: She receives her trophy from Mrs. H. Gregson, M.F.H.



There were some exciting finishes. The water jump, a difficult hazard, was eliminated from the course for the last two races. Above: Miss Tessa Maxwell, with her mother's horse Grey Rip, which she rode in the Ladies' Race



Mrs. C. V. Carter and Mrs. N. Stack. Mrs. Carter's husband had two horses in the Ladies' Race



Mr. & Mrs. Denis Purcell. They are regular point-to-point supporters and have a farm

Below: Mr. H. P. J. Milmo, a member of the hunt committee, Mrs. John Rogerson, wearing a sheepskin coat, and Mrs. John Gillroy

Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. A. S. Gaselee, wife of the M.F.H. of the West Kent Hunt, Mr. Pat Burr, and Mr. Jack Champion. Mrs. Gaselee's son competed

Miss Amanda Wyndham-Read, a débutante, with Mr. Patrick Thompson

Mr. Hugh Cubitt, son of Col. the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, with his fiancée, Miss Linda Campbell





COMING OUT

Cocktails at

Hamilton Place

Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor, daughter of Mrs. Kent-Taylor, of the Little Boltons, Kensington, and Miss Pamela Walford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Walford, of Pangbourne, had a cocktail party at 6 Hamilton Place. Mrs. Kent-Taylor is also having a coming-out dance later on



The Hon. Teresa Pearson, daughter of Viscount Cowdray, with Mr. Hugh Donovan



Miss Sally Poole and Mr. Frederick Pearson.
Miss Poole, a keen rider, has three horses



Miss Georgina Scott, daughter of Lord and Lady George Scott, with Mr. Nicholas Plunket

A. V. Swaebe



Miss Josefa Beale, and Mr. John McCrae,
who has her coming-out dance in July



Miss Diane Kirk, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Duncan Kirk, with Marquess Piero del Vaglio



Miss Celia Wenger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wenger, of Stone, with Mr. Garry Allbutt

COMING OUT

An At Home in Grosvenor Square

MRS. JOHN GINGOLD AND MRS. BERNARD KEMP-GEE were At Home for their daughters, Miss Gillian Gingold and Miss Sally Kemp-Gee (right), at the American Embassy, Grosvenor Square. An American band played for dancing



Miss Wyn Trewett and Mr. Hamish Harvey, who is studying engineering at Keble College, Oxford



Mr. Andrew Turner, who is reading history at Cambridge, with Miss Susanna Cely-Trevilian



Mr. Ian Dipple, who is a stockbroker in the City, with Miss Caroline Price



Van Hallan
Miss Honey Dempster and Mr. Toby Case, who is a Lloyd's broker



Miss Lovice de Reviczki and Mr. Christopher Groom. Mr. Groom is with a firm of public-relations consultants



Miss Penelope Bradford and Mr. Benjamin Spanoghe

Where beer is a way of life

by E. M. GROVER



German Tourist Bureau

Brewery wagons are decorated for the Munich October Festival. In the background (above) is the Town Hall

BAVARIA is famous for beer, with good reason, and spring is the season for it.

By law, only malt, yeast, and hops may be used in Bavarian beer. No chemicals or preservatives are allowed.

And Bavarians really understand the art of beer drinking.

Surely, you may think, there is no art in drinking beer. You just pay for it and swill it, and that's all there is to it.

Not at all.

Beer is a drink to wallow in, not to sip like a cocktail, or a liqueur, or a glass of wine. It is a drink to satisfy the thirsts of, and put new life into, the husky farm workers after a hard day in the fields.

It goes with oxen roast whole, and gargantuan feasts.

Can you imagine country dances and festivities being celebrated on gin or whisky or cocktails?

Of course not.

The Bavarians drink it from good solid and often finely-made litre (1.76 pints) and half-litre pots. Not for them the little tooth-tumblers and sachets you get in many countries.

Much of it is drunk in great open-air beer-gardens, with the whole family, and lovely, gaily-attired, laughing young Bavarian girls carry enormous trayfuls of foaming tankards to thirsty, chaffing customers. That in itself is a heart-warming sight, for young Bavarian girls are very lovely indeed. They not only are girls, but they look like girls, and not like something which has just escaped from a wax museum. There is a countryfied freshness about even the city lasses, and it is a fallacy that they tend to spread. Maybe they do in middle age, but the young ones are as graceful and slender as a springbok.

In addition to the ordinary bars (Braustubl's), many of which are "Tied Houses," the Bavarian state maintains its own beer halls, to which one can bring one's own picnic meals and eat them on the huge wooden tables. Most famous of these is the Munich Hofbrauhaus, a shrine dedicated to beer, scene of erstwhile Nazi jamborees, a huge place about the size of a Lyons' Corner House, with enormous beer halls, a beer garden, and a fine restaurant.

In some places, notably the lovely old Northern Bavarian city of Bamberg, beer is brewed by the

monks and served in beer halls and gardens attached to the monastery.

In Salzburg, which admittedly is not politically in Bavaria, but has much in common and is right on the Bavarian/Austrian border, is the Augustinerkeller, perhaps the world's most unusual beer-cellars. On one side of the street is the St. Augustine's church, and on the other the Augustinian monastery with a regular labyrinth of beer cellars under it.

On the way down to the cellars are little shops, selling a very wide assortment of the most tempting delicacies, in cartons or on cardboard plates. These you can buy and take into the beer halls with you, but no knives or forks are provided. If you want these you must bring your own, but everyone I saw was managing very well without. There is no "Service" except a couple of women to collect empties and clear away rubbish. You collect your own litre or half-litre pot and take it to get it filled, and the beer is very cheap—about tenpence a litre.

In Regensburg (Ratisbon), many bars have

prominently displayed notices "Spezial Hell," which I at first took to mean that they produced an atmosphere of special hell for their patrons, but later discovered was the name of the local brew.

Munich's most famous brewery is Löwenbräu, pronounced Lerven-broy—"Löwen" meaning "Lion."

At one time much Löwenbräu was sold in England, but it is doubtful if you will find any today. Löwenbräu's export trade has suffered considerably due to currency and import restrictions, is now only about thirty per cent of their output, and chiefly to prosperous countries like the United States and Switzerland.

About two-thirds of the Löwenbräu brewery was destroyed in the war, but it has been rebuilt into a prosperous business employing about 1,200 workers.

It takes, including fermentation, about nine months to produce a glass of beer, from the time when the raw hop is brought in at one end till the foaming steiner, ready to quench a noble thirst, is brought out at the other.

During Lent, Catholics (and Bavaria is strongly Catholic) are not allowed bread, so the Munich breweries produce extra strong brews of beer as compensation!

These are all known by Roman names, Löwenbräu's being "Imperator," and gaily festooned horse-drawn wagons parade through the streets with carnival figures on them, advertising the special brews.

I must confess I was a little disappointed at the prosaic atmosphere and German efficiency prevailing at Löwenbräu's. I had expected to find the place a mass of jovial Bavarians in green velvet shorts and tunics and little hats with feathers in them, swilling huge foaming tankards, slapping each other on the back, and shouting "Hoch!" at frequent intervals.

I spent the whole of last beer season in Bavaria. Their Lenten brews are stronger than our beers, and although I saw many citizens "merry," I saw none, except foreigners, the worse for wear, or behaving objectionably.

The reason, I was told, is that Bavarians seldom drink copiously without eating, even if it's only a few pretzels.

And there is no "Time, gentlemen, please"!



One of the best-known beer halls maintained by the Bavarian State is the Munich Hofbrauhaus. It has beer halls, a beer garden and a fine restaurant

The Bicester Point-to-point

THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL Steeple-chases were held at Kimble, near Aylesbury. Right: Miss Hue-Williams, with Mr. M. Clarke and Miss Margaret Hue-Williams. Miss Hue-Williams won the Ladies' Race on Montego Bay



Mrs. John Webber, whose husband had a horse running at the meeting, and Mrs. D'Ambrumenil. Mrs. D'Ambrumenil hunts with the Vine Hill hunts with the Vine



Mrs. Helen Combe and Major Philip Profumo, Master of the Warwick Hunt. Mrs. Combe is the mother of Capt. M. Gosling, M.F.H.



Miss Phoebe Alexander, who rode in the Ladies' Race, and Col. Alexander, joint secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt



The Open Race was won by Mr. J. Bosley on Mr. H. V. Wallis's Noble Peace. Above: Miss Maureen Davis and Miss Beverley Hilton



Mrs. Peter Cadbury, whose husband is head of Keith Prowse Ltd., with Miss Felicity Cadbury. There were over 200 entries—a record
Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. Glenda Spooner, the secretary of the show, and Lady Mary Grosvenor, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Westminster, with the Challenge Cup

THE STALLION SHOW of the Ponies of Britain Club, held at Ascot racecourse, Berkshire, is the only show of its kind in Britain. The Great Fancy Challenge Cup, the supreme award, was won by Coed Coch Madog, Miss Broderick's Welsh Mountain pony stallion. Left: Mrs. A. Colliver with Solarden, which received the award for colts in the Merit Class

Mrs. John Tilling, wife of the ex-president of the National Pony Society, and Miss Jill Hooper, who rides at point-to-point meetings



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Spring song on the racecourse

LONGCHAMP was looking its early-spring best ; there was that faint, pale, green haze that seems to hover over the trees and shrubs when the buds are trying to decide if they will burst into leaf, or whether they will remain snugly dormant for a few days longer. There was sunshine also and as we had been receiving letters from friends complaining of snow, gales and rainstorms everywhere, Paris felt vastly superior to the rest of the world. Not that it lasted, of course, but we have learned to be grateful for one really fine afternoon.

I am not an ardent racegoer. I find it wearing to one's nerves, one's shoe-leather and one's pocket book, but last Sunday I had a "feeling" about Suzy Volterra's horse Noélor and I love to see Suzy's happy smile when one of her quadrupeds wins. I admire that young woman and her pluck in keeping up her late husband's racing stables so successfully. My "feeling" was justified and Suzy's smile was enchanting. I am not sure whether it was a knowledge of horseflesh that influenced my feeling for Noélor, or whether it was the fact that the creature happened to carry the number 13, but Françoise Sagan, who also successfully put part of her royalties on the animal, was quite certain that it was only the 13 that counted. Mlle. Sagan was on the crest of the wave of youth and happiness, and delightedly amused by the news that some good ladies of a small town that shall be nameless had made a bonfire of all the books they disapprove of. *Un Certain Sourire* and the works of Boccaccio had their place in the auto-da-fé and Françoise Sagan was delighted to find herself in such distinguished company.

The Galerie Charpentier again is having a great success with its present exhibition of "One hundred paintings by Modigliani." The life of the Italian artist who arrived in Paris when he was 22 and died, 14 years later, of poverty, tuberculosis and drink at the public hospital of *La Charité*, contrasts cruelly with that of Bernard Buffet who, at 30, is acclaimed by thousands of admirers and leads the well-ordered life of an artist whose work earns millions.

That Modigliani's paintings are now worth fabulous sums and that the exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier is insured for 4,000 million francs does not console me for the fact that when he was starving in Paris he could not sell his crayon sketches for as little as five francs apiece, and that today his daughter, who gives Italian lessons and is married to a professor of philosophy, does not possess even one of those sketches and is now seeing her father's work for the first time. She is the daughter of Jeanne Hébuterne who, as a very beautiful girl of 17, ran away from home

and became Modigliani's wife. She uncomplainingly shared his indigent, Bohemian existence in the ramshackle studio of the *cité* Falguière that still exists, and where their child, also named Jeanne, was born.

Two years later Modigliani died and, life without him being unimaginable to her, his wife killed herself. The baby was adopted by a brother of Modigliani and given an excellent education. The Modiglianis were of good family and when the artist first came to Paris he was not the lamentable figure he became later. Lamentable certainly, but equally certainly a genius.

loveliest I have seen for a long time, and the various "turns" of an excellent variety programme intersperse the beauty parades for our greater comfort since, like sun-glasses, they preserve our eyes from being over-dazzled.

Pending the eagerly awaited gala première of the London Festival Ballet at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, of which I expect to write next week, Paris has enjoyed the fourth programme of the Marquis de Cuevas International Ballet. The revival of *Giselle* with Rosella Hightower had a great reception and the première—in Paris—of *Duetto* that was created by Serge Lifar some years ago at Monte Carlo was equally enjoyed. This was pleasant. It is nice to know that, despite their recent little upset, Monsieur le Marquis and the famous choréateur are better friends than ever.

Duetto is remarkably danced, to the music of Liszt, by Nina Vyrubova and Serge Golovine. Old habitués of the Grand Opéra House of Paris were almost weeping as they demanded sadly of each other : "Why did we ever let them leave OUR ballet?" But that is a question that can be asked of Roland Petit and Renée Jeanmaire and so many other fine dancers. It is a question that will continue to be asked as, every year, new talent makes its way upwards from the Opera House *Ecole de Danse*.

A new night club is opening in the avenue Victor Hugo. The invitations, sent out to *tout Paris*, bore the familiar drawing of a five-branched star that is the signature—I almost wrote: "trademark"—of France's most genial and well-beloved poet-artist-dramatist-novelist-decorator-Académicien, Jean Cocteau. Needless to say it will be known as *l'Etoile*. There is another reason for this name, besides Monsieur Cocteau's signature: and that is the proximity of the star-like *Place de l'Etoile*.

Maurice Bataille, who used to run *La Régence*, is the man who makes the wheels—I mean the stars—go round, and he has surprises in reserve for his guests. The club almost has the attributes of a transformation scene since, after 7 p.m., the tea-room on the ground floor becomes the usual bar that is the ante-chamber of all good restaurants and night clubs. The restaurant on the first floor is decorously, and decoratively, Victorian. After the Regency what else could one expect? The cabaret-club is, of course, in the cellar, a green and blue cellar complete with dance floor, its own bar and floor show.

To give extra cachet to the whole affair, an introduction is required and it must have the approval of the committee. Whether this slight complication will last is problematic. The dear *tout-Paris* does so hate any kind of tape, even when it is the palest pink.



The Quai Voltaire

Les Montparnos, a novel by Michel Georges-Michel, an art critic, illustrated by such now-famous artists as : Picasso, Foujita, Modigliani, Man Ray, Touchagues, Soutine, Picabia—to name but a few—appeared in 1929 and in those days cost a mere 20 francs! It tells the story of Modrulleau, and Modrulleau is a composite portrait inspired by Modigliani and Utrillo. A film—by Jacques Becker—entitled *Montparnasse 19* has been made, not very faithfully, from this book. It is played by Gerard Philippe, Lili Palmer and Anouk Aimé. It is a cruel film and unnecessarily so. In real life "Modi" was a genius who drank, the celluloid Modi is a soak who has moments of genius instead of delirium tremens.

At the small but agreeable cabaret known as *La Nouvelle Eve*, in the rue Fontaine there is a new revue. It is entitled *Shocking*, in English, just like that. Why? It is not more—or less—shocking than any other of the spectacular productions that specialize in exhibiting lovely ladies in costumes that both dress and undress them with equal felicity. The showgirls who wear the gorgeous costume designed by Erté are the



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THE NO. 6 DIVISION (HERTFORD) of the British Red Cross Society gave a ball at Woodhall Park, Watton-at-Stone. Among those there were (above) Mrs. H. W. Mortimore, the divisional president, Lt.-Gen. A. E. Percival, the county director, and Miss G. M. Dixon, the division's hon. commandant

The ball is held every two years. Woodhall Park, where it was also held in 1956, is now a preparatory school. Above: Mrs. Peter de Bec Turtle, the divisional director, Miss C. Roberts, Mr. H. W. Mortimore and Mrs. H. Bain, county association officer

A RED CROSS BALL



Mrs. Raymond Mildé, of the committee, dancing with her husband, who is a tea merchant in the City

Mr. Paul Czodzicki, an electronics student, and Miss Felicity Wilson, who is in the cast of *My Fair Lady*

Van Hallan



Miss Dorothy Abel Smith, daughter of the owners of Woodhall Park, who was presented this year, Mr. Richard Stanley, grandson of the explorer, Miss Gina Hill-Wood and Mr. Nigel Talbot Rice

Mrs. Ashley Cooper, Mr. Ashley Cooper, who farms in Hertfordshire, Mrs. Richard Courtenay Boyle, president of the Hertford branch of the Red Cross, and her husband, Capt. Richard Courtenay Boyle



Miss Diana Tubbs, whose mother is a member of the ball committee, partnered by Mr. Giles Langton

Miss Prudence Rodney, the TV dancer, and Mr. John Bell, who is reading geology at Exeter, Oxford





THE
TATLER

At the Badminton

THE BRITISH HORSE SOCIETY'S TRIALS at Badminton were watched by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family. Left: Miss Veronique Pardoe's National Provincial clears a fence on the cross-country course. In the Royal party is the Duke of Beaufort, the Queen's host at Badminton.



Mrs. W. Hanson, daughter-in-law of Mr. Hanson, the Yorkshire horse enthusiast, with Mrs. John Oram, wife of Lt.-Cdr. Oram, who came fourth in the trials.

Miss Ursula Byass and her father, Sir Geoffrey Byass, from Farnham Common, Bucks



ials



Miss Elizabeth Colquhoun, who came tenth on Dear Brutus, with Miss Anneli Drummond-Hay, who was third on Pluto, and Mrs. R. T. Whiteley



Miss Virginia Freeman Jackson, who rode Liscarroll, with Miss Carolyn Abel Smith, daughter of Brig. Abel Smith, and Miss Victoria Vaughan



Major & Mrs. Derek Allhusen with Mr. Peter Scott-Duncan, the veterinary adviser at the trials. Major Allhusen came second on Laurien



The Hon. Mrs. Henry Allsopp and Mrs. Peter Borwick, whose husband is joint-M.F.H. of the Pytchley. Tough cross-country section sorted out the competitors this year

Mr. David Somerset, heir to the Duke of Beaufort, was seventh. He rode Countryman, which was once owned by the Queen

Mr. Ian Dudgeon rode his horse Charleville. They represented Ireland in the Olympic Three-Day Events at Helsinki and Stockholm

Desmond O'Neill



THEATRE

A boffin makes good in ancient Rome

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



Glen Wragg

THE BRASS BUTTERFLY (Strand Theatre). The comfort-loving and benevolent Emperor (Alastair Sim) suddenly realizes that the futuristic inventor may be the very man to relieve the painful boredom of his son Maxillius (Jeremy Spenser)

TIME was when a stage Roman emperor was expected to behave like one. He spoke of himself in the third person as Caesar, almost invariably as Great Caesar, and he left us in no doubt that if Great Caesar should fall the catastrophe would split asunder the ancient world.

That is how I liked it to be. If I was going to meet a Roman emperor I wanted to be made to feel pretty small before the proud and visible apex of the grandeur that was Rome. A touch of outrageous criminality in this astonishing being helped to complete the agreeable sensation of awe.

It was Giraudoux, I suppose, who taught our dramatists that the real point of meeting a Roman emperor is to learn that he is neither Roman nor an emperor, but a man much like ourselves—a highly civilized fellow with a faint philosophic chuckle for all the trappings of power that surround the wearer of the imperial purple, a companionable humorist with enlightened views on blood sports.

In *The Brass Butterfly* at the Strand Mr. Alastair Sim represents this new type to comic perfection. Sprawled comfortably across a marble throne on the terrace of his island villa, he passes the time by affably pulling the leg of a favourite son whose judgment he mistrusts. Every fresh turn of his jesting mind tells us plainly that his purple toga means considerably less to him than a hooded gown to a modern pedagogue. It symbolizes emperorship, but that is a racket he has seen through long ago. It is true that this modern-minded emperor is made to go through the form of rejecting modern ideas, but that is only his fun.

There has just arrived on the island a young Greek inventor whose head is bursting with ideas wildly ahead of his time. He is anxious to demonstrate the first steamship, the first high-explosive bomb. The emperor may be no

scientist, but he has a well balanced philosophy which teaches him that on no account must scientists be taken as seriously as they take themselves. The inventor's voluble explanations of how his machines work and how inevitably they will create a new world stand between the emperor and his dinner, and courteously he waves them aside. But he is a gourmet who adores steamed fish and the idea of a pressure cooker at once kindles his fancy. Leaving the steamship and the high-explosive bomb to take their chances, he is content to concentrate on the pressure cooker.

Mr. William Golding has no illusions about human progress, as those will know who have



The inventor Phanocles (George Cole) arrives at Court with his sensational blueprints

read his novel *Lord Of The Flies*, and he would seem in the early scenes of his first play to be nicely placed to launch an amusing comedy turning on the desperate struggle of a man of original ideas to make headway against an authority that is incurably frivolous. The hedonistic emperor seems well equipped to oppose a philosophic outlook to the illusory notion that mankind will be made any happier by the multiplication of gadgets. But Mr. Golding's nerve fails him, and his potential comedy is stillborn. He turns to other matters. The emperor has made the inventor welcome to the island not for the sake of his inventions but for the beauty of his sister, a lady who, as he perceives, may be good for his favourite son, a bored young poet. The lady's secret is that she is a Christian. This obstacle to true love might have put some sort of kick into the story of the lovers, but it comes to little or nothing, for the pagan emperor is immensely tolerant and he sees no objection to his son's conversion to Christianity so long as no great fuss is made about it.

Mr. Golding's other narrative resource is the hot-headed general, who as official heir to the throne is always on the point of hurrying on the emperor's death. The steamship plays a part in bringing this villain's revolution to the sticking place and the explosive going off by accident puts paid to the usurper's account. But neither the love story nor the attempted revolution develops any real tension, and the play comes rather slackly to its comic conclusion in which reason contends furiously but vainly against pagan and Christian claims to have worked a saving miracle. Mr. George Cole, effective as the frenetic apostle of reason, gives Mr. Sim most help, but it is largely Mr. Sim's evening and on his delightful and easy-seeming performance the fate of the play must depend.



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Van Hallan



ART AT THE EMBASSIES - 1

Treasures of France

No. 11 Kensington Palace Gardens (*above*), once a home of the Duke of Marlborough, is the residence of the French Ambassador, H.E. M. Jean Chauvel, and his wife. Inside are many artistic treasures, some from the Louvre in Paris.

The main reception room (*top right*) is painted white with gold relief, and green curtains. It is carpeted with a Savonnerie Louis XIV dated 1601. There are many exquisite examples of Louis XV and XVI furniture. A grandfather clock (*left*) of inlaid copper worked by a disciple of Boulle in the 17th century still strikes the hour. The Meissen bird, multi-coloured, is the personal property of the Chauvels.

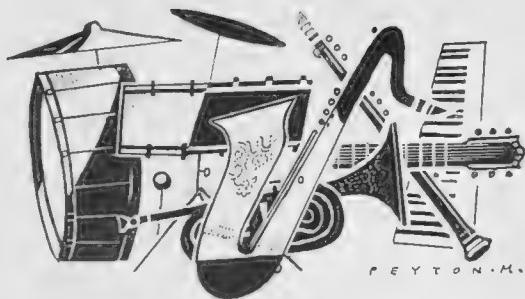
The ballroom is curtained into two. One section (*bottom right*) has two Hubert Robert paintings and a fine 18th-century Gobelins tapestry from the Old Testament series.

The other section (*centre right*) has two large Gobelins designed by Charles Lebrun, like the ones recently exhibited at Burlington House, a grand piano (M. Chauvel plays), and a Savonnerie of the Empire period.



H.E. M. CHAUVEL
The French Ambassador





RECORDS

Themes from Drury Lane

by GERALD LASCELLES

ON this auspicious Wednesday in April, 1958, the musical to end all musicals, *My Fair Lady*, opens in London. The original New York cast made a magnificent record of the music, which conveys a broad impression of the Shavian original. Both Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews prove that, given the right material, English artistes can play an American musical production with immaculate ease. Stanley Holloway's portrayal of Mr. Doolittle, Eliza's father, is full of robust Cockney humour. I cannot help feeling rather sentimental about his performance—he has given to America a picture of the Londoner we love and know so well.

Frederick Loewe's music is scintillating and enticing. I forecast that "I could have danced all night" and "On the street where you live" will be the top hits, but I rate "Wouldn't it be lovely" and "With a little bit of luck" high. Alan Lerner's lyrics contribute to the outstanding originality of the piece. If, as I believe, this record is a true sample of the American production, let us hope that it will serve as an example of Anglo-American co-operation, to be emulated by our own producers.

It is inevitable that music of the calibre to be found in *My Fair Lady* should attract the attention of recording artistes far removed from the scope of the production. So it comes to me as no surprise that a jazz trio of some merit has selected themes from the show, on which to impose their carefully conceived modulations. Shelly Manne, former Stan Kenton drummer, and great exponent of the modern style, joins with German-born pianist Andre Previn and bassist Leroy Vinigar to play some delightful rhythmic sketches. Previn's piano style can be rather mechanical, but the imaginative work provided by the other two rhythm men more than compensates for any shortcomings on his part. No listener need be shocked by the transposition of the sentimental "I could have danced" into a vigorous Latin-American theme, with unusual tambourine effects by the drummer. The Gershwin's, Kerns and Porters of this world have for years provided scope for jazz improvisers; the immediate acceptance of this exemplary score into the repertoire of modern jazz is a fitting tribute to that same *Fair Lady*.

For copyright reasons, the records listed will not be on sale until tomorrow.

Selected Records

1. Philips RBL1000; 12-in. L.P. Original Broadway Company (vocal), £2 9s. 6d.
2. Vogue LAC12100; 12-in. L.P. Shelly Manne & his friends (modern Jazz), £1 18s. 3d.
3. Col. 33SX1079; 12-in. L.P. Norrie Paramor, orchestra and vocalists, £1 15s. 10d.
4. Decca DFE6474; 7-in. E.P. (Vocal selection) David Whitfield, Pete Murray, Jack Warner, Diane Todd, Beverley Sisters, Vera Lynn, Cyril Stapleton & His Orchestra, 11s. 5½d.
5. Decca DFE6484; 7-in. E.P. Ted Heath & His Music (orchestral), 11s. 5½d.
6. Mercury MPL6536; 12-in. L.P. Richard Hayman & His Orchestra (orchestral selection), £1 17s. 6½d.



At last—a Western with a new plot! In *The Sheepman*, an M-G-M comedy, Glenn Ford is the man who dares to introduce sheep into a cattle town. With him is Shirley MacLaine

THREE TO COME

W. C. Handy, the composer of "St. Louis Blues," did not live to see Nat King Cole impersonate him in a film of that name. He died just before the dramatized story of his life, co-starring Eartha Kitt (right), was released. Below: Michael Craig and Belinda Lee went on location in the Valley of a Thousand Hills, Natal, for the new Rank film *Nor. The Moon By Night*



CINEMA

Tears but not for crocodiles

by ELSPETH GRANT

IN an enthralling, illuminating and moving documentary, *No Room For Wild Animals*, Dr. Bernhard Grzimek, head of the Frankfurt Zoo, and his son, 22-year-old Herr Michael Grzimek, put up an impassioned plea for the preservation of Africa's multifarious faunae which are threatened with extinction by the ever-increasing encroachments of civilization upon jungle and veldt. Year by year the areas where they have their natural habitat are being reduced—and more and more animals are being killed.

The elephant is slaughtered for his tusks, or for fun by tourists on safari. "At three thousand dollars a head and we GUARANTEE you shoot an elephant," says the enthusiastic American organizer of these jolly expeditions. The rhinoceros is hunted for his horn, which, in powdered form, is much in demand in China as an aphrodisiac, and the crocodile is wanted for his skin.

don't really care all that much about crocodiles but the film persuades me that it would be tragedy if the other creatures were wiped out. In one reserve where wild things are still protected, the camera discovers tigers as yet unafraid of man. Snow-white pelicans paddle at the edge of a lake where an old bull hippopotamus wallows contentedly with his many offspring, and a family of elephants bathe. A lion and a lioness drowse in the shade, amber-eyed cheetahs prowl in a leisurely way, giraffe munch tree-top leaves, and the sentries posted by a colony of wary baboons give the observer an unintimidated stare.

The veldt is alive with hartebeest, gnus, zebra, massive black buffalo, small gazelle and ferocious-looking rhinoceros, peacefully grazing, the forest teems with strange and beautiful insects—hard-working ants, beetles, the praying mantis, green-bronze scarabs and velvety spiders. I would not have a single one of them dispossessed, but so ruthless is the march of progress that soon—within our children's time—they may survive only as specimens in zoos. This remarkable film, photographed in excellent Eastman colour, is one that every animal-lover should see.

If you remember the 1920's you will probably find *La Garçonne* (based on that novel by M. Victor Margueritte which nobody was ever seen reading but which everybody read) quite nostalgic in its evocation of that dance-don't-dance-little-lady, leave-tomorrow-behind era. The young, to whom this story will seem hopelessly old-fashioned, cannot fail to be struck by the modernity of the clothes. Five years ago we would have thought them simply a scream—today they are positively the *dernier cri*.

Mlle. Andrée Debar, the well-brought-up daughter of a rich French family, discovers that her fiancé, M. Jean Danet, is playing her false. Desolated, she breaks off her engagement, shortens her hair and her skirts, lengthens her strings of beads and her cigarette holders, and leaves home to lead "a life of her own." This involves a perpetual gadding to Paris night-clubs, a profusion of petting-parties, a good deal of promiscuity and a certain amount of opium smoking—with time off to become a successful theatrical designer.

M. Danet, meeting her at one of the more dubious *boîtes*, is fascinated by her new, brazenly independent personality and falls madly in love with her. Having just discarded her latest lover, M. Georges Reich, Mlle. Debar casually accepts the position of M. Danet's mistress. He is so insanely jealous that the relationship cannot last.

The pleasures of independence begin to pall and Mlle. Debar, a trifle jaded, looks about her for a steady, suitably broad-minded husband. She eventually settles for an elderly, insufferably complacent playwright, M. Fernand Gravey—thus committing, I would say, the cardinal error in a life that has been all trial and error.

The hectic, restless atmosphere of the 1920's is faithfully reproduced under Mlle. Jacqueline Audry's direction, the Agfacolor is agreeable, the dresses (designed, I am told, by M. Jean Desses) are interesting and Mlle. Evelyne Gabrielli, as a night-club singer, and M. Jean Parédes, as a gloriously flamboyant actor, give performances of rare sophistication and charm. Mlle. Debar passes muster as a bad girl: as a good girl, she could hardly be worse.

CLOSE-UP of a thick-skinned beast: a rhinoceros grazing on the African veldt, as seen in a documentary reviewed by Elspeth Grant



Mr. Clark Gable is, to me, rather the outdoor than the indoor type—and perhaps he is to himself, too. Anyway, he seems a trifle uneasy as the city editor of a New York newspaper in *Teacher's Pet*—a well-written comedy, neatly directed by Mr. George Seaton. Delightful Miss Doris Day, whom one usually thinks of as a singing star, gives, on the other hand, a remarkably smooth and confident performance in the unexpected role of a night-school lecturer on the subject of journalism.

Mr. Gable, the tough, self-made newspaperman who boasts of his lack of education, is convinced that journalism can only be learnt the hard way—through experience. Miss Day is persuaded that it can be taught—like music or medicine. Nettled by an invitation to become a guest lecturer on her course of instruction, Mr. Gable plays a mean trick on Miss Day. He joins her classes as a pupil with the sole object of making a fool of her.

Miss Day, innocently accepting him as a wallpaper salesman who knows nothing about newspapers except what he reads in them, is amazed at the talent he displays, urges him to take up journalism as a whole-time profession and generously offers to give him every possible assistance. Mr. Gable's conscience pricks him and, of course, he falls in love with Miss Day.

The fact that she seems to be much taken by a know-all psychologist, Mr. Gig Young, intensifies his hatred of "egg-heads"—but when Mr. Gable is desperately anxious to extricate himself from the tangled web of deceit he has woven, it is to Mr. Young he turns for advice. Though suffering from an imperial hangover (a brilliantly funny scene), Mr. Young brings his master-mind to bear on the problem and produces a solution. The battle of experience v. education ends with honours even and Mr. Gable and Miss Day heading hot-foot for the altar.

The newspaper office over which Mr. Gable presides really does look like a newspaper office and the back-chat that goes on is lifelike to a degree. Mr. Young is an amiable and polished light comedian of whom we have seen far too little recently, and Miss Mamie Van Doren as a night-club entertainer, "the gal who invented rock 'n' roll," gives a joyous performance of unimpeachable vulgarity.

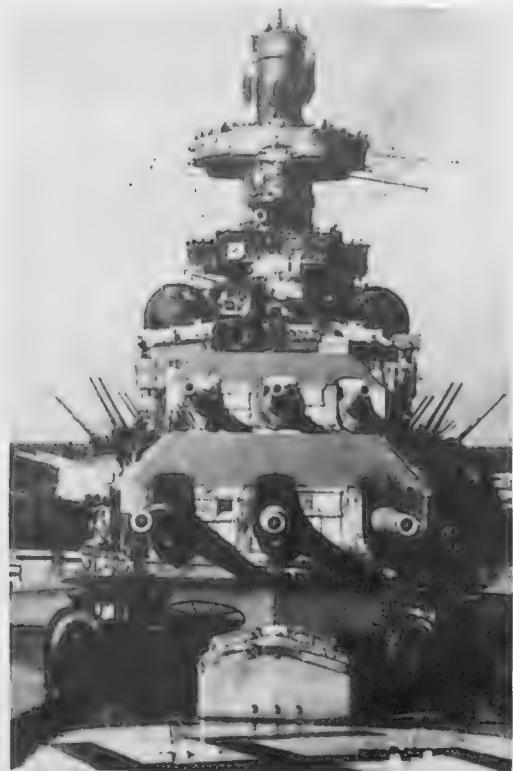
CLOSE-UP of a thick-skinned journalist: Clark Gable as a hard-bitten news editor, with Doris Day in a current release, *Teacher's Pet*





OLD SHIPS IN NEW BOOKS

If the grace and elegance of the clipper and the frigate are captured in *Sailing Ships* (Andre Deutsch Ltd., 35s.), a collection of colour prints with an introduction by Oliver Warner. Above: The Uncas whaling off the Cape of Good Hope. More recent maritime history comes to life in *Battleship Scharnhorst* (Hutchinson's, 25s.), by Albert Vulliez and Jacques Mordal, a record of the two celebrated German warships. Below: The World War Two battleship with its anti-aircraft fire power displayed



BOOK REVIEWS

A jack-of-all-trades tries fiction

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

JAN CAREW has written for his first novel *Black Midas* (Secker & Warburg, 16s.) a success story with a twist to the ending. The author is of wonderfully mixed descent: he has Negro, Dutch, South American, Indian and Portuguese blood. Many remarkable writers have been hybrids; Mr. Carew seems likely to add to their number. He was born in the 1920s, in British Guiana—scene of this present story. Moreover, he has equipped himself with the widest variety of professions, having in turn been painter, steel-worker, journalist, customs officer, broadcaster and, in Britain, actor (under the management of Sir Laurence Olivier). He has lived in many parts of the world.

So one can hardly wonder that his writing is flavorful. And Shark, the hero of *Black Midas*, is imbued with formidable vitality. Shark (first so called on account of his pointed teeth, but more than earning his nickname as he goes on) is the narrator of his own story. When we meet him, he is a put-upon orphan in a miserable village—mauled by a crook of an uncle called Richard Dolly, and working for a bully who throws a rock at him. Better days are to come, though the start is slow. Employment as learner-pharmacist with an Indian doctor, who has a crazy wife and amorous daughter, gives our young hopeful his first view of "society,"

in the dubious environs of New Amsterdam. Then (like the lad in *Great Expectations*) Shark learns he has a mysterious benefactor. Money comes his way.

Already wise as to women, Shark makes a bid for fortune. He bolts with his friend Santos to join the "pork knockers"—toughs who work in the diamond mines deep in the up-country Guiana jungles. Lust and ambition spin a fantastic plot, in which Belle looms large. Belle, great black Georgetown lady of easy virtue, bathes in champagne on her birthday: she double-crosses—but so does everyone else. Shark's dash to the races behind a team of white horses is, probably, the apogee of his triumph. There is a slip-up—ruin, then drift, set in.

This reckless novel is picaresque, in the great first English Defoe and Fielding tradition. Either you'll hate *Black Midas* (the tale's not pretty) or you'll find yourself unable to put it down.

For some of us, the appearance of *Dr. No* (Cape, 13s. 6d.) will terminate a period of anxiety. For this is the latest thriller of Ian Fleming's, and it answers the question "*Is James Bond dead?*" At the close of *From Russia With Love*, he could but seem so—flat out on the floor of the Paris Ritz, with enough fugu poison in him to kill an army. Still, it's wonderful what

modern medicine can do, and the Bond demise (like, formerly, Sherlock Holmes's) proves a leg-pull on the part of the author. We'll forgive Mr. Fleming, however, for *Dr. No* is, I think, the tenses James Bond yet.

Visiting Jamaica, you'd be surprised to envisage a wee horror-island in its vicinity. This rather grey little dot in the Caribbean purports to be nothing more than a bird sanctuary (subsidized by a society in America) whose particular denizen is the Whooping Crane. There is also a seemingly harmless guano industry: if you do not know what guano is, read on. However, the unaccountable vanishing of two members of Kingston's security personnel has been somewhat worrying "M.", in London, and M. tosses Bond what (still) looks like a minor investigating job. Sunshine and throbbing calypso are recommended for this convalescent from shots of *fugu*.

The assignment's unflattering, and Bond knows it. M. distinctly hasn't forgiven him for the Russian muddle. However, our hero turns up something big in the person of Dr. No—who, operating inside a hollowed mountain, combines power-mania with expert sadism, and wields steel pincers in place of hands. Whooping Cranes have not been the only victims of this fiend's fire-breathing dragon, which, shrieking, patrols the land when night falls. What Bond goes through after capture (for, as often before, our hero is more brave than bright) might well make him wish he had finished on the floor of the Ritz. His companion in these misfortunes is Honey, a beautiful unclothed girl with a broken nose. The fate he devises for Honey makes one gag.

I don't know how Mr. Fleming piles on horrors without overdoing it—or does he? In this particular story, Bond has few opportunities toood clothes, but is true to form in ordering a superb dinner. *Dr. No* is, just possibly, too lacking. However, we close on a tender note.

Miss Price's *I Watch And Listen* (Bodley 15s.) is "A Book about Birds." And not, as the title specifies, for the professional ornithologist; rather for those of us who, like herself, follow the advice of the poet Davies:

"A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

Alas, we are in Miss Price's debt for bird literature: this new volume devotes itself mainly to song and courtship. As to the first she remarks: "I have often been to the opera with those who confess that they do not altogether understand the music, yet come away with the memory of enjoyment. So it is with bird songs. Though we cannot understand all the music . . . it is enthralling in its range of passion, pleasure, pain, fear, alarm, contentment."

As to the loves and matings of feathered creatures, here we have close and delicate observation, plus background knowledge. Humans have, apparently, much to learn in the matter of, first, charm, afterwards, fidelity. No bird known in the British Isles (or the seas around them) is, I imagine, missing from this chronicle. The illustrations are photographs; some of them excellent. Altogether, *I Watch And Listen* is a book of the kind which becomes a friend.

NEW FEATURE

Next week a new literary feature begins in THE TATLER. Called *BOOKS I AM READING*, it will be contributed by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES, whose lively and astringent writing is building her a growing reputation.



**Miss Anne Lumley to
Capt. James Caruth**

She is the daughter of Brig. J. N. Lumley, C.B.E., M.C., & Mrs. Lumley, of Leslie House, Kenton, Exeter. He is the son of the late Major R. A. Caruth, R.H.A., and Mrs. Caruth, of Wyke, Gillingham, Dorset. He is in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards

Fayer

**Miss Prudence Mary Morgan to Sub. Lt. Iain
David Ross, R.N.**

She is the daughter of G.-Capt. S. G. Morgan, of Endhouse, Rosemoor Street, Chelsea, and Mrs. G. M. Morgan, Normanton Court, South Croydon. He is the son of Major T. D. Ross, D.S.O., Isle of Mull, and Mrs. M. M. Cahill, Little Marlow, Bucks

Bassano



Paul Tanqueray



**Miss Ruth Catherine Blackburn to Pilot
Officer Patrick D. Cliff**

She is the second daughter of Lt.-Colonel C. H. Blackburn, A.D.C., and the late Mrs. Blackburn, of Onslow Gardens, London. She is a cookery instructress at the Cordon Bleu school. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. P. D. Cliff, Burleigh, Pocklington, Yorkshire



**Miss Fiona Cathrine Hope Graham to
Mr. David William Mitchell**

She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. O. Graham, Barncluith House, Hamilton, Lanarkshire. He is the youngest son of Mr. & Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, Haggis Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow

Norton-Pratt



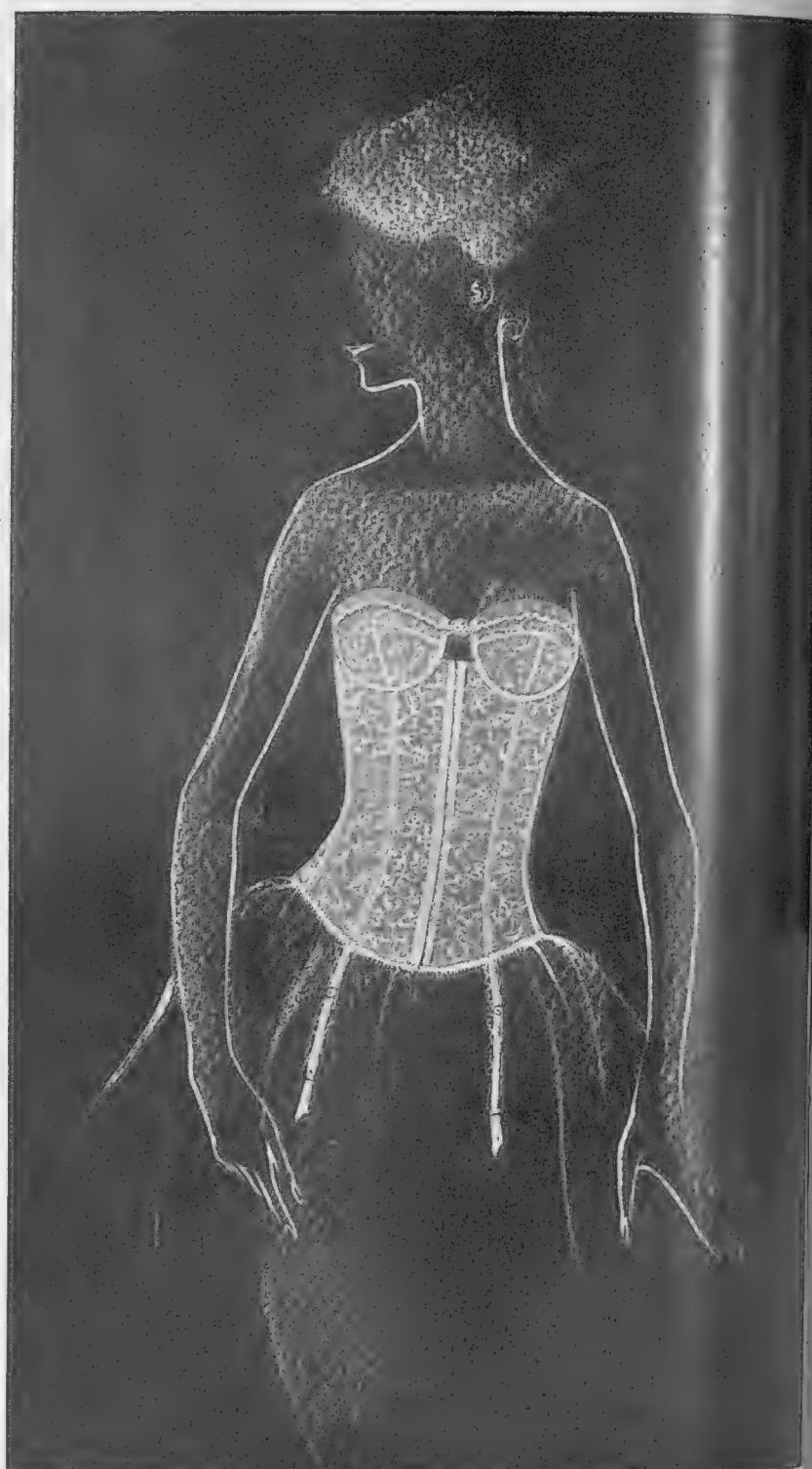
**Miss Sarah Jane Legge to Mr. William
Stuttaford**

She is the daughter of Mr. P. H. B. Legge, Nash Farm, Keston, Kent, and Mrs. David Hindley-Smith, the Manor House, Goudhurst, Kent. He is the eldest son of the late Dr. W. J. E. Stuttaford & of Mrs. Stuttaford, of Horning

Yevonde

The anatomy of fashion

THE WOMAN who is smartly dressed needs a range of foundation garments as diverse as her clothes. There is a special corselette, girdle, or brassière available to meet the demands of current fashion around the clock. For even the most brilliant couture designs, with the most flawless execution, depend on a correct foundation. Imperfections occur so frequently in the female form that no couturier of standing will make clothes for a woman who is not properly corseted. Fortunately modern corsetry can overcome every deficiency, every surplus. In these pages dresses are shown alongside the foundation garments that should be chosen to be worn with them





Left: Dior's evening dress of apricot silk-chiffon demands a firm bodice line. The casual draping around the shoulders insists on a strapless foundation-top so that there is no fear of peeping straps. Scandale's strapless torsolette is made of French nylon lace mounted on nylon voile combined with nylon elastic net, the colours lemon, peach, lilac and black. The wired brassière gives perfect support, and there is a front hook-fastening. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Price £5 12s. 6d. It can be ordered in a customer's own measurements and preferred colour



Above: Balmain's "Argentina" dress, white silk-organza over satin, richly embroidered with pearls and brilliants and flounced with ostrich, requires a perfect sheath-like figure. The unbroken line of Flexees new "Square-Bare" low back corselette is the answer to this all-demanding problem. It is made in white only, of American nylon Leno and satin-lastique with lace contoured cups and a front zip. The sizes are 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B cup in even sizes only. Available early May at Swan & Edgar, London, and McDonalds of Glasgow. Price: 7 gns.



Shaping up with

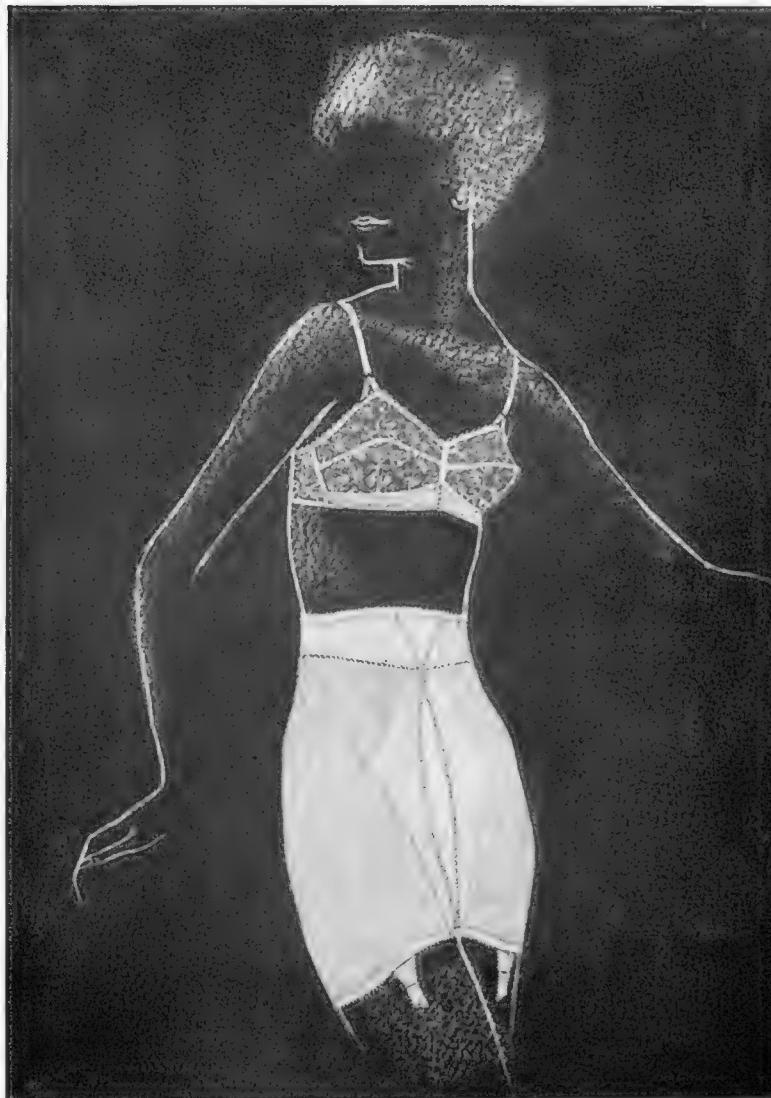


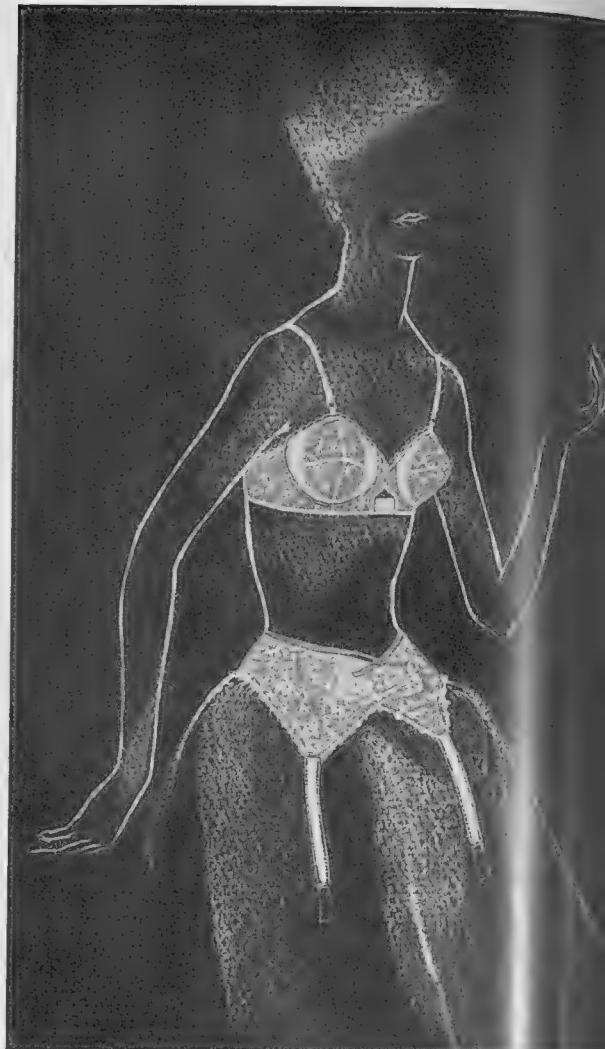
the line

Above, left: John Cavanagh's silk-taffeta dinner dress, back tucked and moulding the figure, is printed in vivid shades of green and crimson. Warner Bros' long-line double-power girdle is made in three sizes. Price: £5 15s. 6d. Their "Good-Night" bra has a perforated non-slip latex back and front hook-fastening between the embroidered cotton foam-lined cups. In sizes 32-36-in. A, B fittings, and 32-38-in. C. Price 37s. 6d. Both the girdle and bra are obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Birmingham

Opposite: Fabiani of Rome's sheath evening dress of black silk, swathed in a cocoon of spotted silk net, requires a long, unbroken line. Caprice's lace corselette, specially designed for the chemise line, fastens in front. It is made also in white. The sizes are 32-38-in. bust. Price £5 19s. 6d. At Dickins & Jones, and Rushworths, Huddersfield

This page: Balmain's dress and jacket in navy silk, so suitable to the fuller figure. Au Fait's high-waisted pull-on of patterned nylon elastic net has a front panel of satin elastic for good front control. Also in black. The sizes range from 24 to 32-in. waist. Price: 79s. 6d. The brassière is made of Banlon lace, also in black and white. Sizes in A, B and C fittings 32 to 42-in. Price: 27s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones, London; MacDonalds, Glasgow; Bonds, Chelmsford





Foundations for the teenager

Left, top : Teenage girls need a good supporting bra, but otherwise maximum freedom of movement. With Horrockses' dress of pink embroidered Swiss voile (10½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason) is worn an English Rose Corsetry bra and suspender belt. The bra, in Banlon lace over net, has stiffened bust-shapers in A cup 32 to 36 in., B cup 32 to 36 in. Price : 22s. 6d. The matching suspender belt, waist 23 to 28 in., costs 21s. Both at Fenwicks, Bond Street, and Bobby's, Bournemouth

Left, bottom : In mauve and white spotted cotton (at Harrods, London, and Samuels of Manchester, £9 8s. 9d.), this Dorville dress can be worn by well-built girls, who need a light girdle but nevertheless one which will give them a measure of support and control. Silhouette's Flirt belt and bra is in white, gaily trimmed with red pipings and bows. The nylon classic belt has a downstretch back for control, and a double-front panel. The bra is of nylon taffeta with embroidered nylon marquisette cups. The belt, in three sizes, costs 42s. The bra (32 to 36 in. A, 32 to 38 in. B) costs 18s. 6d. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London ; Kendal Milne, Manchester

Right : Teddy Tinling's washable Terylene tennis dress (10 gns. at Lillywhites) is worn with an embroidered cotton skirt (27s. 6d.), white cotton briefs (21s.), and Youthercraft's nylon power-net CUT-UP panty. It has a square, detachable gusset, is made in white, apple-blossom, black, geranium red, larkspur blue, and mimosa. Price : 49s. 6d. The bra, in the same colours, is made in A, B, C cups, sizes 32 to 38 in. Price : 16s. 11d. At Fenwicks, London, and Henderson's, Liverpool



When on the Riviera . . .

BECAUSE so many of their customers summer in the South of France, Debenham & Freebody have purchased beachwear from firms on the Côte d'Azur. Now it is possible to arrive among the habitués with clothes in your suitcase that are sure to fit in with the landscape. It saves francs, time, and the heartbreak of feeling you have brought with you the wrong things



A cotton three-piece to take you through your holiday. Printed in aquamarine and coral, it has a dull satin finish and consists of shirt £7 19s. 6d., jeans £7 19s. 6d., and a skirt to take you around town, 9½ gns. *Opposite page:* the season's short, casual look has found its way to the beach. This vivid satin-cotton jacket (white, turquoise, yellow and black all thrown together) is worn with turquoise shorts. The price of the jacket is 12½ gns., while the shorts cost 65s. The straw hat with pirate scarf costs 4½ gns. and the towelling bag with plastic lining, 5½ gns.



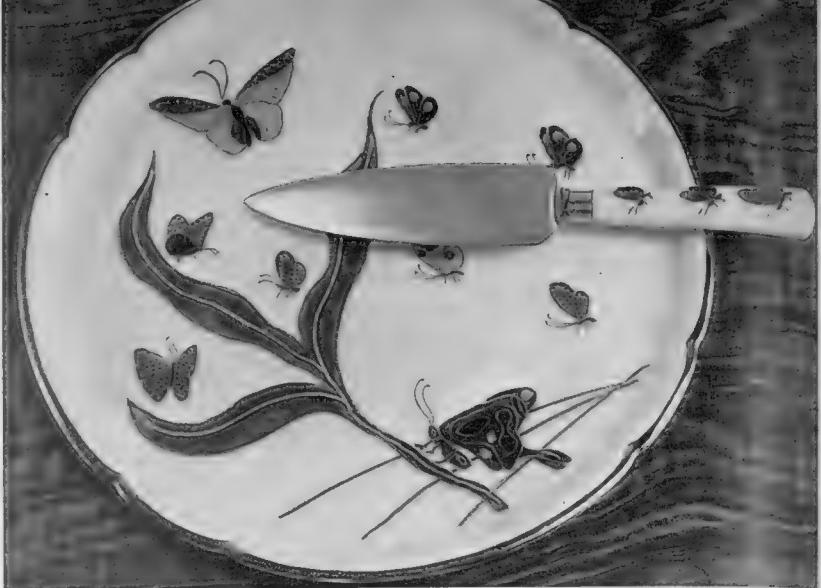
John French

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



Fine china sets off a fine meal. These shell-shaped plates, patterned with underwater scenes, can be used not only for scallops but for any fish dish (£4 10s. each). Asprey & Co.

THE TATLER
& Bystander
30 April 1958
260



Coloured butterflies decorate the cake plate and the handle of the matching server (£12 12s.) suggesting either the lightness of a sponge or the richness of a gateau. Hampton & Sons

SHOPPING

For elegant entertaining

by JEAN STEELE



The Scandinavian touch for salad and setting. The unusual new striped fabric brightens a modern dining-room (8s. 11d. a yard). The ebonized salad servers (£1 6s.) match the salad bowl (£1 16s. 9d.). Hampton & Sons



Danish smorrebrod looks even more appetizing when it is set out on one of these carved wooden sandwich trays (£3 2s. 6d. each) which can also be used for fruit. Hampton & Sons



The spring bouquet design on the coffee set by Shelley is made up of entwined garden and wild flowers. The set comprises a coffee pot, cream jug, sugar bowl and six cups and saucers (£9 5s. approx.). The lamp and coffee table are from Fortnum & Mason



BEAUTY

Look fresher, look younger

by JEAN CLELAND

With Spring in the air, there comes the longing for something different such as a new dress, a gay hat, a change of hair style, and a fresh face.

A good face can be achieved by giving the skin a spring clean. In this way, you can banish any dullness left over from the winter, and make the complexion bloom. How the cleansing should be done depends on the type of skin.

Dry skin is usually best served with a soft liquefying cream, oily skin with soap and water. When it comes to a spring clean, something more is needed, and for a good all-round treatment, I would suggest this simple and effective routine:

One: Steam the face by holding it over a basin of hot water, and covering the head with a towel to keep the steam in. This is not the sort of thing that should be done too often, but once in a way it is extremely good as it helps to eliminate dust and impurities.

Two: Cleanse the face thoroughly with cleansing cream, and wipe well off with tissues.

Three: Give it a good wash with soap and water. It is tremendously important to use a bland and soothing type of soap, especially if your skin is at all sensitive. For this I suggest Johnson's Baby Soap because it is specially prepared for the tender skin of a baby.

Four: Pat the skin briskly (avoiding the cheek bones where the veins are near the surface), with a pad of cotton-wool wrung out in cold water and sprinkled with skin tonic, to close the pores.

If you want a quick way to deep cleansing, you can get it by way of a "Liquid Lather." Made by the famous "80 years young" Rose Laird, this embraces two methods of cleansing, and takes the middle road between washing with soap and water and cleansing with Lotion. "Liquid Lather" sinks deep into the pores, leaving the

skin beautifully soft and pliant. Because it is so easy to use, demand for it is ever on the increase.

Many people complain just now that their skin looks dull and lifeless. This, more often than not, is due to the fact that the pores are not breathing freely. Harsh winds, foggy weather, sudden changes of temperature from heat inside to cold outside, all tend to open them, and it is then that tiny specks of dust enter in and clog them up.

Various treatments are given at the well-known beauty salons for clearing them and getting the skin thoroughly freshened up. These are excellent for those who live in town and can spare time for professional services. Others, who need something they can use at home, will be interested to hear of a scientific cosmetic treatment that hails from Vienna.

This treatment, discovered by a beauty scientist named Friedl Schreyer, is called "Skin Up." It has only recently been launched in London. It is a deeply penetrative emulsion, which, mild in action, gently loosens and takes away dead skin, and other impurities, thus leaving the pores clean and absolutely clear. "Skin Up" does not replace any of the other "daily use" cosmetics. Its purpose is entirely different. It creates a fresh clean skin on which existing creams can work more effectively. It should be used twice a week until the desired results are obtained. All you have to do is to squeeze about two inches of the emulsion out of the bottle and smooth it lightly over the face and throat, allow it to dry completely (this takes about five minutes) and then gently massage it off with the finger tips. As you do this, the impurities are rolled away. It is advisable to finish by patting with specially balanced "Perplex" Lotion. Your skin, thoroughly cleansed, will then take on new health.

Two views of a new spring hair style by John of Knightsbridge. The hair is cut just long enough to cover the tips of the ears and is brushed slightly forward



Michel Molinare



MOTORING

Smarter country cousins

by GORDON WILKINS

A CAR is a car is a car, as Gertrude Stein would have had it, or if your tastes have a transatlantic bias it becomes an automobile. But we have not yet achieved a universally acceptable label for the light four-wheel drive cross-country vehicle. The word Jeep, originally so widely used, turned out to be a trade mark of the Willys Corporation. Then the Land-Rover came along and established itself in many different parts of the world with such success (200,000 have been made in ten years and three-quarters of them exported) that even the B.B.C., which abhors advertising, fell into the habit of referring to it by name. Clearly that could not last, especially when competitors appeared on the scene, so now the B.B.C. calls them field cars, the Army calls them $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton 4×4 , and I confess I have no new name to offer in exchange.

But call them what you will, we shall be seeing some new and more colourful ones on the farm or at the point-to-point. It is only a few weeks since Austin launched their Gipsy and now Rover have produced an improved range in six colours to mark the tenth anniversary of the Land-Rover.

Styling in the sense of abstract shape and applied decoration clearly has no place on a vehicle as functional as a Land-Rover but the appearance has been greatly improved by an application of that feeling for harmony of line and proportion which is an essential element of good design. By carrying the curve on the shoulder of the front wing through the door and body panel, the vehicle has been made to look longer, lower and more of a unit, and at the same time the rigidity of the panels has been increased. Practical improvements include a single central bonnet catch, ingenious quick-action fastenings for the tailboard and an external fuel filler with telescopic filter tube which makes it easier to refill from cans. The seats are much more comfortable, pendant pedals make it easier to keep out water and dust, the doors are all-metal, which helps in excluding dust and draughts, and all windows are now of glass. The long wheelbase model has a larger engine of $2\frac{1}{2}$ litres giving 77 horsepower, an increase of 50 per cent over the

output of the 2-litre engine which is retained for the standard model. The new cab has sliding rear windows and fixed quarter windows to give full all-round vision. On both types the shock absorbers have been redesigned to improve riding comfort and by widening the wheel track, the turning circle has been reduced.

As usual, rustless light alloy is used for the body panels. Rovers claim it resists the effects of climate and corrosive fertilisers, and saves about 100 lb. of dead weight.

Rovers have naturally experimented with independent suspension but have not adopted it for the latest Land-Rover range, preferring to retain the simplicity and strength of beam axles. Mr. Maurice Wilks, Joint Managing Director, told me he felt independent suspension was essential for a military vehicle, where speed across country is of prime importance, but non-military buyers usually prefer to take it gently, especially over unknown country, rather than risk smashing the car on an unseen rock.

However, Austins have taken a different view, and have given the Gipsy independent suspension for all four wheels, using rubber instead of springs. The system has been boldly simplified

THE BRITISH CONTENDER. The latest Land-Rover looks lower and longer because of new body styling. It has a more powerful engine, improved seating in a snugger cabin

to reduce costs and maintenance and gives a remarkable ride when travelling fast across rough country but on the one I tried it seemed to introduce a certain vagueness into the steering on ordinary roads. Austin have also adopted steel for their body panels.

Mr. Harry Ferguson is another believer in all-independent suspension for light four-wheel-drive cars but the cost and complication involved have so far helped to discourage established manufacturers from adopting his designs. I hear he has lately been investigating ways of reducing the number of parts required. On the other hand, Volvo, the Swedish manufacturers, who allowed me to try the prototype of their new field car a few weeks ago, have gone for rigid axles and half elliptic springs, and it has a really remarkable ability to clamber over rocky snow-covered crags. It also has forward control, with driver and passenger sitting alongside the engine, leaving an unusual amount of useful space in the rear.

Obviously we have not yet reached finality in the design of these nimble cars, so useful to the country dweller. Furthermore, having four-wheel drive, they are allowed to exceed 30 m.p.h. outside built-up areas even though they are "adapted for the carriage of goods," whereas light pick-up trucks with rear-wheel drive only may not. This is one of the ludicrous situations without sense or logic into which our indefatigable bureaucrats lead us from time to time.

THE BUDGET

The omission of any reduction in car taxation from the Budget is not really surprising. The vigour and enterprise of the motor industry have long encouraged Chancellors to single its products out for special tax burdens. At present road congestion is so bad that the Government simply dare not permit all the people who want cars to acquire them for fear of bringing traffic to a complete standstill, and the current road programmes will not cure this situation. I fear we may continue indefinitely with the spectacle of the Government carrying out a costly system of inspection for old cars while making every effort through purchase tax and credit restrictions to prevent people replacing them with new ones. Motoring has to be made expensive by taxation; is not one of Mr. Watkinson's strongest complaints against the Paris disc parking system, that it costs the motorist nothing?



THE SWEDISH CONTENDER. The Volvo field car has rigid axles and half-elliptic springs which help it to clamber easily over rocky, snow-covered crags. It also has forward controls

While his thoughts are under the bonnet —————→

Please don't disturb him. He's busy falling in love with one of the finest engines ever designed. The engine of the car which always passes him *in top* while he is still wondering whether to change down.

Now he's finding out why. He's in a little private world of high compression ratios, overhead valves and dynamically and statically balanced crankshafts. He's revelling in his discovery of an inspired piece of engineering which will give him surging power, plus the kind of m.p.g. that reminds him of his motor-cycling days.

Right now he has only one little worry; that his less mechanically minded partner may not fully appreciate just how fantastically good this Morris Oxford is . . .

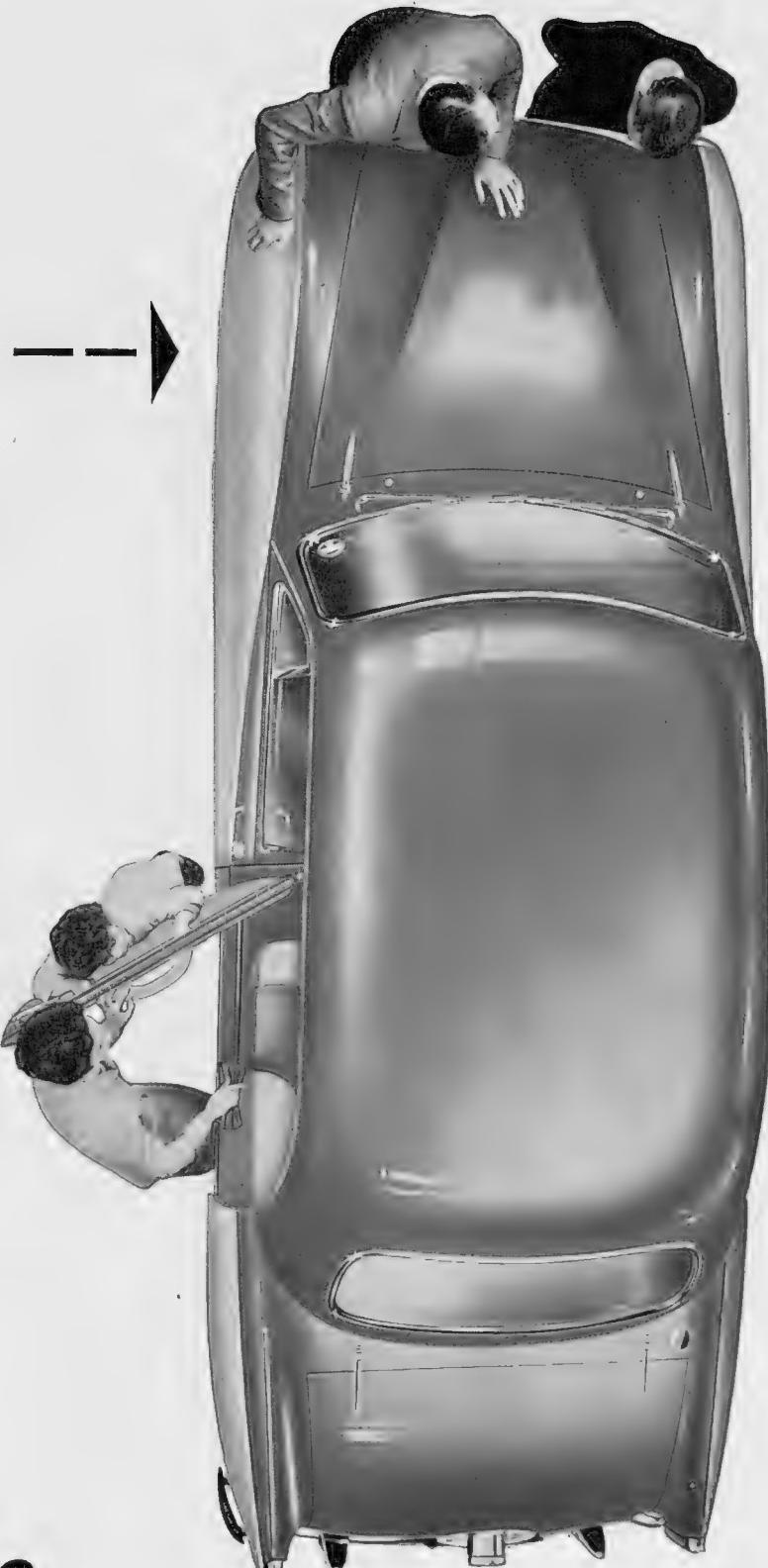
... she's got her feet on the ground —————→

... But don't worry. She's already voted it the car she would most like to be seen in and now she's ticking off *her* list of perfect-car features.

Such dust-free interior! Such a spacious cabin! Such a roomy luggage trunk . . . think of being able to take all one's luggage on holiday!

By the doors to open, she's found out about the exquisite colour schemes and how won't fly open, it won't take any salesmanship from him to persuade her.

Between husband and wife there are moments when words are superfluous. Flying a Morris Oxford is one of them.



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DINING IN

The bread-and-cheese garnish

by HELEN BURKE

AU GRATIN covers a multitude of things. If you look through Escoffier's *Guide To Modern Cookery* and Pellaprat's *Modern Culinary Art*, it would seem that there are few dishes, indeed, coated with Bechamel Sauce, which cannot appear at table as "au gratin." In his little *Dictionary Of Foods And Culinary Encyclopaedia*, the late C. Herman Senn defines "au gratin" as a "term applied to certain dishes prepared with sauce, garnish and breadcrumbs and baked brown in the oven or under the grill, then served in the dishes in which they were baked."

A request from a young housewife for Cauliflower au Gratin, set me thinking about these dishes. First, the cauliflower dish.

Escoffier directs you to boil and drain the cauliflower, then "dry it in butter for a few minutes ; mould it into a bowl and pour a few tablespoons of Mornay sauce into it."

Now that is all very good. Chefs in general, however, have kitchen staffs and someone can do this moulding in a bowl, while the others get on with something else. But, these days, I think that my simplified method is more to the point.

First, make the Mornay Sauce this way : for a good-sized cauliflower, sufficient for a family of 4, melt 1 to 1½ oz. butter and in it cook 1 to 1¼ oz. plain flour for a minute, without colouring it. Remove and stir in up to ¾ pint hot milk. Return to the heat and stir while the sauce simmers to cook the flour. Stir in 2 to 3 oz. grated Parmesan or a little less mild Cheddar cheese. Season with a pinch of Cayenne pepper and a little salt (remembering that the cheese is salty).

Meanwhile, cut the flowerlets from the cauliflower and drop them and some of the tender leaves into boiling salted water. Cook for about 10 minutes and drain well.

Spread some of the cheese sauce over the bottom of a well buttered shallow oven-dish. Place the flowerlets, bloom upwards, in it and scatter the green around them. Spoon the remaining sauce over all. Mix together 1 to 2 oz. grated cheese and half the quantity of fine breadcrumbs. Sprinkle them over the sauce. Trickle a little melted butter on top and place under a moderately hot grill to become brown-flecked all over.

A pleasant and unexpected vegetable "au gratin" is made from a tall can of celery sticks, which can be cut to more convenient size. Drain the liquid from the celery and let the sticks themselves drain for as long as possible. Use the celery water and milk to make the Mornay sauce, as above, then proceed in the same way as for cauliflower. Another thing I like to do with celery is to choose a tin of hearts and, if necessary, split them to make 4 servings. Wrap each with a very thin slice of boiled ham, coat with the cheese sauce, but a little less extravagantly, and finish the dish as for the cauliflower.

Stuffed tomatoes, whatever you stuff them with, can be "au gratin," too, if you finish them off with buttered breadcrumbs and either bake or grill them.

A quickly prepared light egg dish—au gratin!—is Poached Eggs Mornay. Allow 1 to 2 very soft poached eggs per person. Fry in butter, slices of bread to accommodate them. Place each slice in an individual shallow oven-dish with each serving of eggs on top. Coat with Mornay sauce then add cheese and breadcrumbs and a sprinkling of melted butter as before. Place under a hot grill for a moment to colour a little, but not long enough to hard-cook the eggs.

What we so often refer to as a "Fish-cheese Pie" is really Fish au Gratin, and very good it is. For 4 to 5 servings, skin 2 to 3 fillets of fresh haddock or cod, then cut them into fair-sized pieces. Skin and slice 1 to 2 fair-sized tomatoes. Slice a couple of white-capped mushrooms and coat them with a little lemon juice. Line an oven-dish with a little Mornay sauce. Add the fish and surround it with the tomatoes and mushrooms (uncooked). Pour the remaining sauce over them and sprinkle, as before, with the cheese, breadcrumbs and melted butter. This time, bake for 20 to 25 minutes at a good temperature—say, 400 to 425 deg. F., or gas mark 6 to 7.



J. WIGGINTON



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DINING OUT

Fiesta and then a siesta

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

We are almost on the last lap of our "Dining Out" in France and Spain. From Oleron St. Marie we set off for San Sebastian, stopping the night at a hotel in France near the frontier and not for the first time learnt the value of the Michelin Guide. The hotel in question was not mentioned at all in the Guide and it was very bad indeed.

We crossed into Spain at Irun where we were greeted by Cecilio Fernandez, head of the official Spanish Travel Bureau there. He took us off to lunch in San Sebastian to what was obviously a very smart and exclusive restaurant, the Casa Nicolasa, which from every point of view is well worth a visit. It is situated at the beginning of the Calle Aldamar, which turns right off the Avenue du Generalissimo Franco, about four houses down. If this sounds a bit odd there is no indication that there is a restaurant there at all, only a small brass plate at the side of a large door, the whole affair being on the first floor.

What a lunch it was! As so often happens in these gastronomic fiestas, the poor British could not cope.

This is what we battled through: Champagne cocktail; *Longaniza Croquetas* (Basque sausages highly flavoured with garlic and pomme croquettes); *Changurro Relleno* (crab in shell); another champagne cocktail; *Sopa de Pescado a la Vasca* (a fish soup thick with fish and bits of langoustine); *Revuelto de Heuras con Langostinos* (omelette containing spinach and lobster); with these last two dishes they served two bottles of Blanco Semillon de Bodegas Palacios; *Chuletas de Cordero Patatas Fritas* (cutlets of baby lamb with fried potatoes) accompanied by two bottles of Tinto Glorioso de Bodegas Palacios. Then came dessert and we thought all was over, but, no, up came a *Brazo Gitano con Chantilly*, which consisted of a huge slice of what can best be described as a light cake covered with fresh sweetened cream which had been well chilled, followed by coffee and a bottle of *Copa Brandy Hispano*. No wonder siestas are part of the Spanish way of life!

We stayed at the Hotel de Londres Y Inglaterra, a large, smart, well-known establishment where we had a charming room with private bath, etc., looking right out over the Bay and the Atlantic. Spain is so cheap to the British that it's hardly worth while hunting for less expensive hotels when you can live like a king for a week in great comfort for so little more. It was, as I much prefer, out of season and we had the place pretty well to ourselves. At the height of the season, with its beautiful sands, tree-lined boulevards, well laid-out gardens, and smart shops, I imagine San Sebastian is bedlam.

Ramon Tellechea, the director of the hotel, is always available, and the head porter José Oyarzabal, who talks English and many other languages to perfection, is a great friend and consultant.

Before we leave Spain, one other place is well worth a visit, the Hotel Provincial de Jaizkibel at Fuenterrabia.

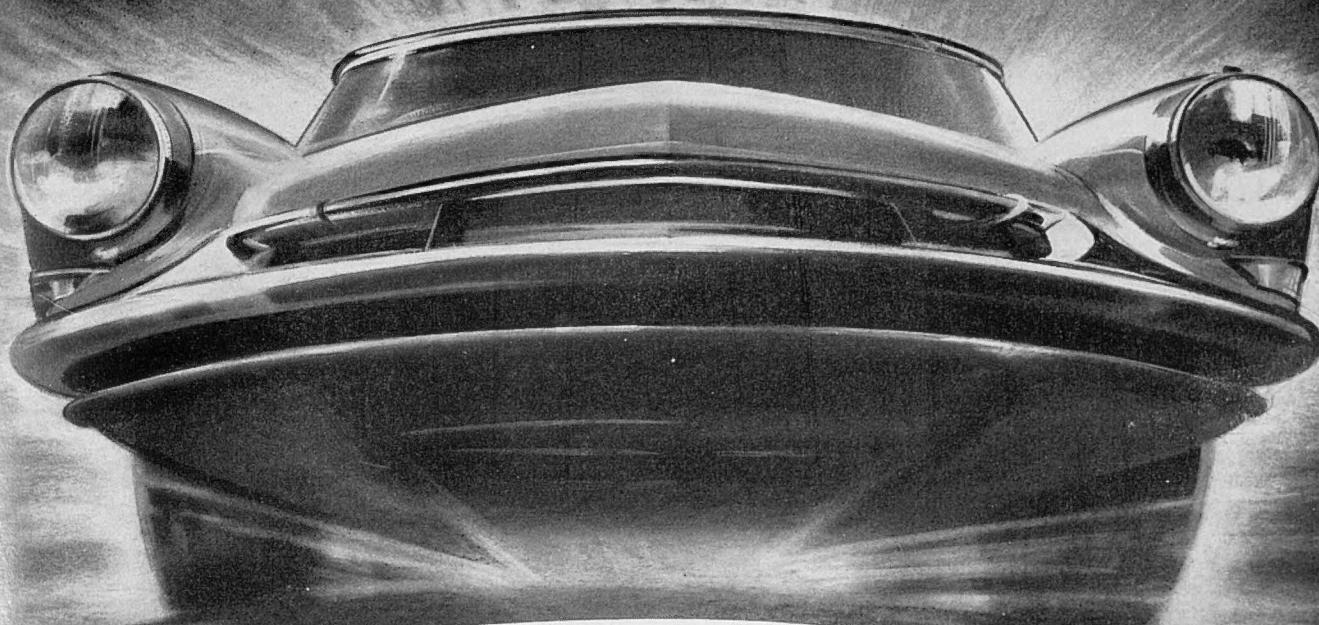
We had a magnificent lunch there for four. On this occasion I was the host, returning some of the hospitality that I had received. The whole affair, including brandy, two wines, and such delicacies as baby langouste and *Soufflés Alaska*, with service, only came to approximately £4 10s. and I was sparing no expense.

So off we go back to France.



THE EARL OF IVEAGH performed the opening ceremony at the Hotel Cipriani in Venice. He was accompanied by his wife. The new hotel, on the island of Giudecca, has a fine view across the lagoon.

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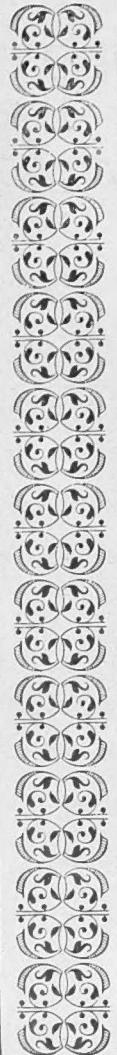
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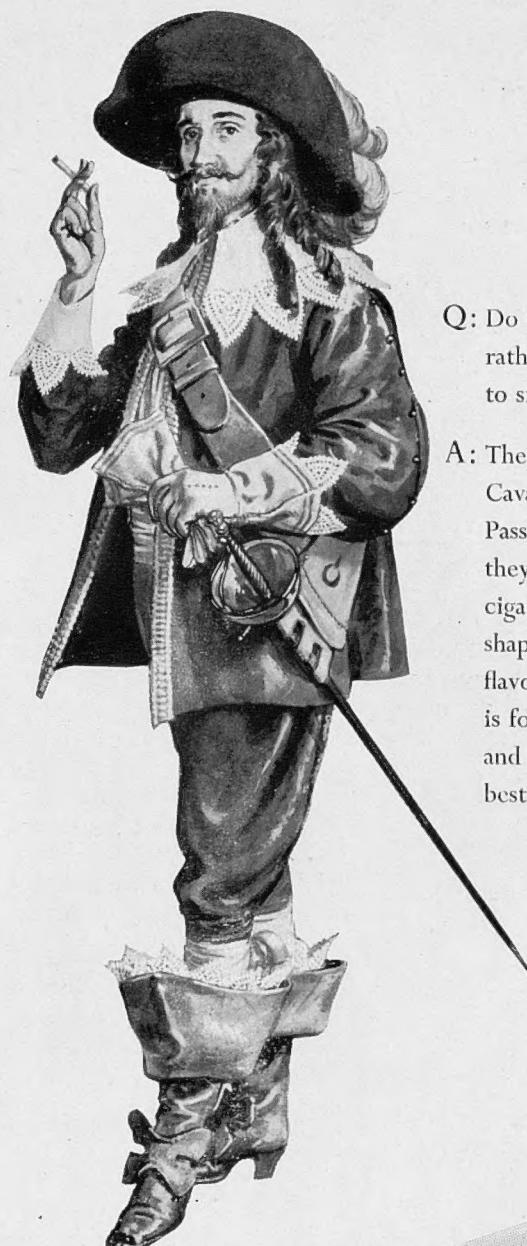
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Q: Do Cavaliers think it rather extravagant to smoke Passing Clouds?

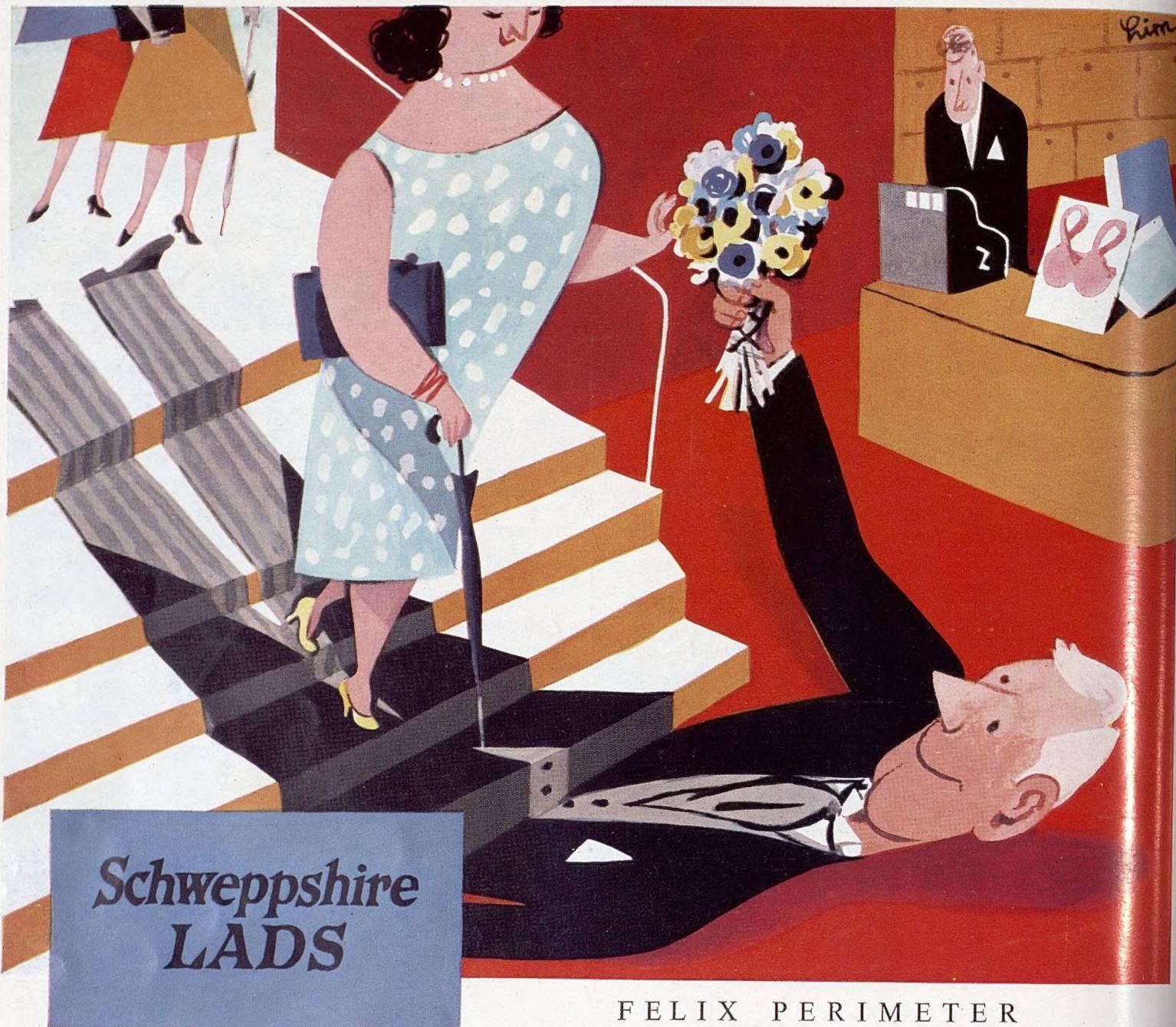
A: They never think about it. Cavaliers smoke Passing Clouds because they prefer their cigarettes to be oval in shape and Virginian in flavour. Life, to Cavaliers, is for living, and Pennypinching best left to Roundheads.



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Nobody liked him at school and his teachers in particular loathed him; for Felix was always saying "No." "Keep your hands clean," said his Kindergarten Form Mistress.

"No," said Felix. "The tactile approach is awf'y portant."

Obviously destined for the Army, he did well until Colonel Gravy, of Ballistics, told him that after three years he ought to be able to multiply $2x$ by $2y$. "No," said Felix. "You are asking me to elaborate an abstraction before I have been made to comprehend the concept of fluid measurement on which algebra is founded."

Obviously destined for the pen, Felix yet did badly by always sending in the wrong stuff for the right paper and vice versa. To the Editor of the Dry Fly Fisher's Gazette, for instance, he often sent 5,000 words on the "Lack of Anthropomorphism in D. H. Lawrence's Animal Poetry, Part I". "Unsuitable," said the Editor. "No," wrote Felix, posting Part II. Success came when Coke, of Personnel, made Felix salesman in the china department of Hipmaster's Store, to help clear the 1922 stock of Spanish Galleons painted with a chocolate porcelain finish on a nickel base. "Your 'No' approach has emptied the shelves," said Coke. "No," said Felix and thereafter started to say Yes. This change of personality did him no good. Women customers liked it, but our illustration of this phase of Felix shows that his personality lost much of its independence.

The end is well known. Forcibly promoted through the executive ranks, he finally became P.R. Advisor to Hipmaster Subsidiaries where his salary is now so high, that he has to live in Switzerland in order to earn it, where of course he can't earn it, so that he has no salary.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

